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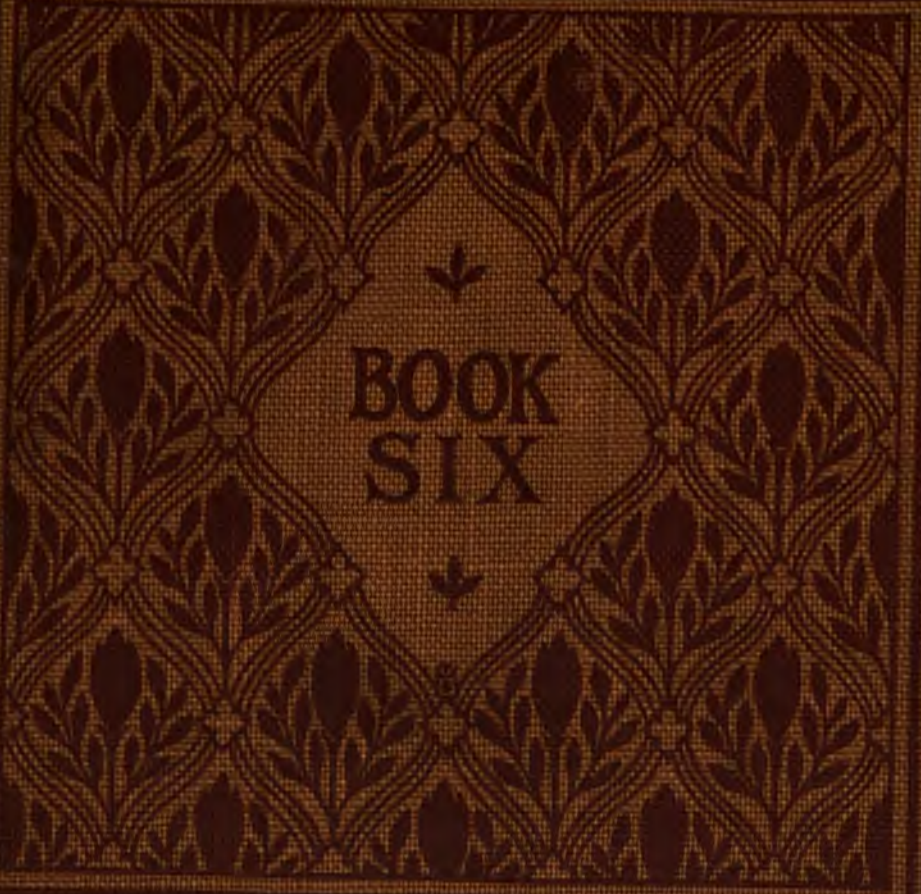
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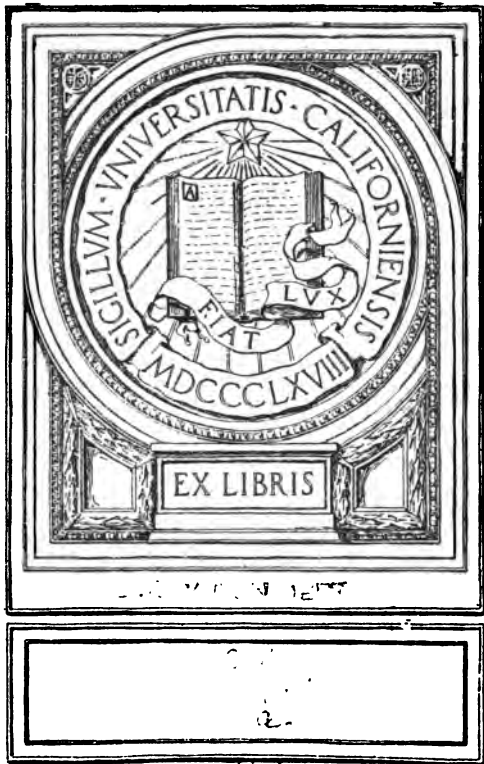
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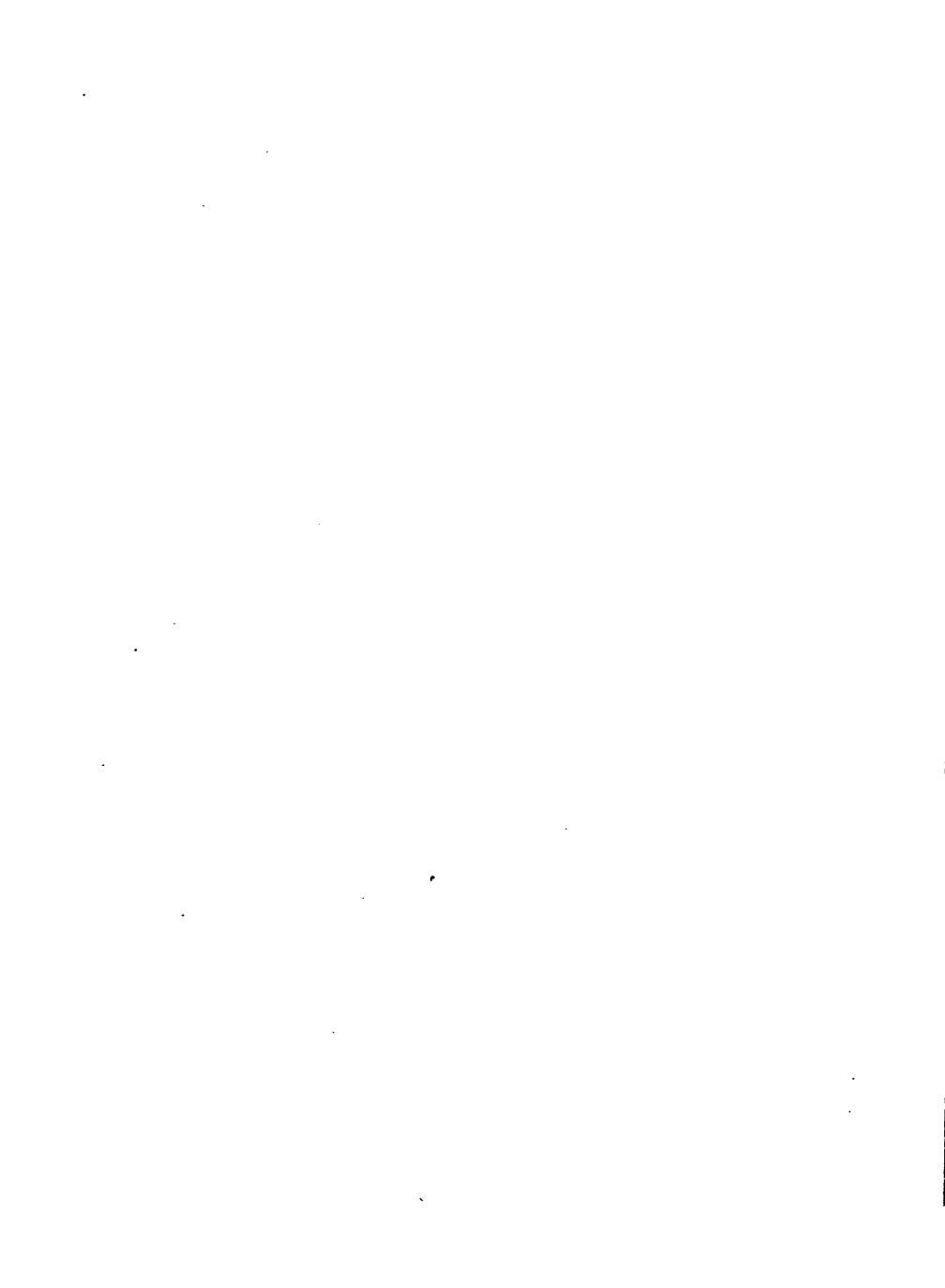
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

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No. 20





THE
C Y R R E A D E R S

ARRANGED BY GRADES

BY
ELLEN M. CYR

BOOK SIX

GINN & COMPANY
BOSTON • NEW YORK • CHICAGO • LONDON

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AMERICAN

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EDUCATION DEPT.

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TO
Ruel P. Smith
WITH THE
LOVE OF HIS WIFE

541473



PREFACE.

LITERATURE in its noblest form should do for the child what it does for the man,—open the eyes to clearer vision, and nourish and inspire the soul.

The reading book, therefore, has more direct influence upon the character of the pupil than any other text-book, and, with this in mind, it has been the fundamental purpose of this series to make its readers familiar with the best writers and their works.

It has been deemed best to continue the plan of the previous books of the series and introduce several central figures. We have been reading and becoming acquainted with the American poets; now we enter a new field of literature, and the great prose writers, Irving and Scott, with the English poet Wordsworth, shed the influence of their characters and writings in the schoolroom.

The pupil looks into their faces and visits their homes. Their early childhood, their battles with adversity, and the influences that determined the current of their lives become familiar. Then, with awakened interest and admiration, he reads the messages they have left behind them.

Characteristic selections from these authors have been carefully chosen with reference to the capacity of the children.

These selections have been somewhat abridged, but it has been thought wiser to have them a little longer than many text-books

introduce, rather than to mar the symmetry and beauty of the author's work.

Here are also represented the more recent writers who have won a place in the literary world, thus making this reading book the foundation for a systematic study of literature.

Grateful acknowledgment for copyright matter is extended to Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., for the use of extracts from the writings of Henry David Thoreau and Charles Dudley Warner; to Charles Scribner's Sons, for the selections from Eugene Field and Josiah Gilbert Holland; also to the following authors: Mr. Charles Dudley Warner and Mr. Hall Caine.

The selection by James Lane Allen is published by business arrangement with Harper & Brothers.

ELLEN M. CYR.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
WASHINGTON IRVING	3
RIP VAN WINKLE. <i>Washington Irving</i>	10
POCAHONTAS. <i>William Makepeace Thackeray</i>	28
RAIN IN THE GARRET. <i>Donald Grant Mitchell</i>	30
THE SEA VOYAGE. <i>Josiah Gilbert Holland</i>	36
WILL O' THE MILL. <i>Robert Louis Stevenson</i>	46
THE CLOUD. <i>Percy Bysshe Shelley</i>	56
TOM, THE WATER BABY, MAKES FRIENDS. <i>Charles Kingsley</i> .	58
THE SUGAR CAMP. <i>Charles Dudley Warner</i>	69
SPRING. <i>Henry Timrod</i>	76
SIR WALTER SCOTT	78
WALTER RALEIGH MEETS QUEEN ELIZABETH. <i>Sir Walter Scott</i>	87
LINCOLN'S GETTYSBURG SPEECH	96
THE LORD OF BUTRAGO. <i>John C. Lockhart</i>	99
DEATH OF JACKANAPES. <i>Juliana Horatia Ewing</i>	101
WASHINGTON'S ADDRESS TO HIS TROOPS	109
HEIGHO, MY DEARIE. <i>Eugene Field</i>	111
THE LIGHT-BORN MESSENGER. <i>Hall Caine</i>	112
THE LITTLE LAND. <i>Robert Louis Stevenson</i>	121
ROLF'S LEAP. <i>Georgiana M. Craik</i>	124
THE BUGLE SONG. <i>Alfred Tennyson</i>	132
HIS WORD OF HONOR	133
JOHN RIDD'S ADVENTURE. <i>R. D. Blackmore</i>	144

	PAGE
THE COAST GUARD. <i>Emily Huntington Miller</i>	155
FOOTBALL AT RUGBY. <i>Thomas Hughes</i>	157
THE ENCOUNTER WITH THE PANTHER. <i>James Fenimore Cooper</i>	168
ARBACES AND THE LION. <i>Edward Bulwer Lytton</i>	176
SPRING IN KENTUCKY. <i>James Lane Allen</i>	182
WILLIAM WORDSWORTH	187
TO THE SMALL CELANDINE. <i>William Wordsworth</i> . . .	194
DAFFODILS. <i>William Wordsworth</i>	196
WALDEN POND. <i>Henry David Thoreau</i>	197
THE PUPPET SHOW. <i>Johann Wolfgang von Goethe</i> . . .	202
THE DESCENT INTO THE MAELSTROM. <i>Edgar Allan Poe</i> . .	209
PHONETIC CHART	219
WORD LIST	220

THE CYR READERS

BOOK SIX.



WASHINGTON IRVING.

prĩv'ĩ lěg ęs

cõn vey'ance
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1. **WASHINGTON IRVING**, one of the most eminent of American authors, was born in the city of New York in the year 1783. His father came from one of the Orkney Islands and belonged to one of the best and oldest Scottish families.

During the War of the Revolution Mr. and Mrs. Irving were very kind to the American prisoners, giving them food, clothes, and other comforts.

The Irvings were so deeply interested in the war and the struggle for liberty that they decided to name their boy Washington, for the great and noble man who had done so much toward making his country free. His

mother said: "Washington's work is ended, and the child shall be named for him." His name was the means of his being introduced to the Father of his Country when he came to New York, then the seat of the government.

2. A young Scotch maid, seeing how the President was honored, followed him into a shop and, pointing to the boy, said: "Please, your honor, here's a bairn was named after you." Washington smiled at the little fellow and, placing his hand upon the boy's head, gave him his blessing.

Washington Irving was sent to school in his fourth year to a Mrs. Kilmaster. He spent two years there, but learned very little. He was then sent to a school taught by Benjamin Romaine, who had been a soldier in the War of the Revolution. The boy cared little for study, but was very fond of reading.

3. When Irving was eleven years old, he became deeply interested in books of travel. "Sinbad the Sailor" and "Robinson Crusoe" were the first books of the kind that awakened this feeling, and then he came across a set of twenty volumes of voyages called "The World Displayed." This set of books was a mine of treasure to the boy, and he longed to visit other countries. He explored every nook and corner of his own city and spent his holidays in long walks about the country.

He had already shown a talent for writing, and when

he was thirteen years old, wrote a little play which was acted at the house of one of his friends.

4. Young Irving left school when he was sixteen. His health was poor and he cared more for reading and exploring than for study. His two older brothers had been sent to Columbia College, and he wished in his afterlife that he had received the same advantages.

On leaving school, Irving joined his brother John who was studying in a law office. He spent two years there, but law books were only a small share of his reading. During this time he made his first voyage up the Hudson. There were no steamboats in those days, and he sailed on board a sloop.

5. During this trip were planted the seeds of future writing, for it was then that he received his first impression of the Catskill Mountains, where is laid the scene of "Rip Van Winkle" and "Sleepy Hollow." He says that the Catskill Mountains had the most witching effect on his boyish imagination.

During this visit to his sisters, who were living in the Hudson and Mohawk Valleys, Irving spent much time in rambling about the forests and along the Hudson. He thus became familiar with the country, with its legends and old customs. Some of his best tales owe their charm to these rambles.

6. When Irving was nineteen, he began writing for a

newspaper published by his brother Peter. These articles, signed "Jonathan Oldstyle," were filled with the same humor shown in his later writings and were copied extensively by other newspapers.

The young author was invited the year following, in 1803, to join Judge Hoffman and a party on a journey to Ogdensburg, Montreal, and Quebec. He gladly accepted the invitation. They had a very exciting trip, traveling in whatever conveyance they could find through the wild country, meeting with Indians, sleeping in hunters' cabins, and were once unable to get food for a whole day.

7. The next year Irving's health failed so rapidly that his two brothers sent him to Europe, and he sailed for France the 19th of May, 1804. The captain as he saw him helped on board thought he would never reach his journey's end.

He was very heavy-hearted as the boat sailed away; but the sea air and the thought of the new scenes before him cheered him, and he began to gain strength. At the end of the voyage, which was six weeks long, he was quite able to climb the mast. Imagine his feelings as his vessel entered the port and he saw the land of which he had so often dreamed.

8. After two years abroad, Irving returned to New York and became a lawyer. There was much to make

his return happy. He was improved in health, and the little fame he had gained was increased by this trip.

Washington and his older brother William, together with Mr. James K. Paulding, started a serial called "Salmagundi." It was filled with witty articles about the follies of the times and was very popular during its year of publication.

9. Irving's next work was a humorous history of New York, which is one of the wittiest books ever written. Just before it was finished he received a blow that left him little heart for writing. Matilda Hoffman, who was to have been his wife, died in her eighteenth year. He bravely went on with his work, but felt the loss so deeply that he could never bear to speak of her. The dearest hope of his life was overthrown.

Irving was never married, and after his death there were found among his private papers her picture, — a sweet, girlish face, — a braid of fair hair, her Bible and prayer book, and these words: "She died in the beauty of her youth, and in my memory she will ever be young and beautiful."

10. In 1813 Mr. Irving edited a magazine in Philadelphia. The year following he joined the staff of General Tompkins, and the next year he went a second time to Europe. After spending some time in travel he was obliged to return to his writing on account of his brothers' failure in business.



SUNNYSIDE, IRVING'S HOME.

He wrote "The Sketch Book" under the name of "Geoffrey Crayon" and sent it to New York, where it was published. It was afterwards published in London through the influence of Sir Walter Scott, who read it and admired it greatly.

This book met with a hearty reception in both countries. The delicate pathos and humor, the freshness of feeling, and the refined and finished style gave it a high position in the literary world.

11. This was in 1818. In 1822 he published "Bracebridge Hall." This was written in Paris, where the author was a companion of the poet Moore. It was a success, but not so popular as "The Sketch Book." In

December, 1824, he published "The Tales of a Traveler." These were followed, in 1828, by "The History of the Life and Voyages of Columbus" and other works.

In 1832 he returned to America, where he was heartily welcomed. Soon after his return he made a journey to the country west of the Mississippi.

Washington Irving was appointed minister to Spain in 1842. He lived there four years and then came home. His last and most elaborate work was "The Life of Washington," in five volumes.

12. In 1835 Mr. Irving had bought an estate in Tarrytown on the Hudson. His brother Peter and others of his family lived there, and it was in this charming country seat that Irving spent the last years of his life.

He called this home "The Roost," but it was re-named "Sunnyside." The house was originally a small Dutch cottage built of stone; but Mr. Irving remodeled and enlarged it and planted ivy slips from Melrose Abbey all about it.

Here, surrounded by loving relatives, Washington Irving died on the 28th of November, 1859. His life had been a successful one. His bright, happy nature never deserted him, and he kept his simple tastes and sweet temper to the last.

He was an artist in his style, and his works excite our admiration and love.

RIP VAN WINKLE.

(Abridged.)

By WASHINGTON IRVING.

From "The Sketch Book."

PART I.

dēs'ig nāt ěd

pěr sě vēr'ance

ru'bī cūnd

āl těr'na tīve

fā tīgued'

prēc'ī pīce

à lăc'rī tỹ

fā mīl iă'r'ī tỹ_(y)

1. WHOEVER has made a voyage up the Hudson must remember the Catskill Mountains. When the weather is fair and settled they are clothed in blue and purple, and print their bold outlines on the clear evening sky; but sometimes, when the rest of the landscape is cloudless, they will gather a hood of gray vapors about their summits, which, in the last rays of the setting sun, will glow and light up like a crown of glory.



At the foot of these fairy mountains the voyager may have descried the light smoke curling up from a village

whose shingle roofs gleam among the trees. It is a little village of great antiquity, having been founded by some of the Dutch colonists in the early times of the province.

In that same village and in one of these very houses there lived many years since, while the country was yet a province of Great Britain, a simple, good-natured fellow of the name of Rip Van Winkle.

2. He was a great favorite among all the good wives of the village, and the children, too, would shout with joy whenever he approached. He made their playthings, taught them to fly kites and shoot marbles, and told them long stories of ghosts, witches, and Indians.

Whenever he went dodging about the village he was surrounded by a troop of them hanging on his skirts and clambering on his back. Not a dog would bark at him throughout the neighborhood.

The great error in Rip's composition was an aversion to all kinds of profitable labor. It could not be from the want of perseverance; for he would sit on a wet rock, with a rod as long and heavy as a Tartar's lance, and fish all day without a murmur, even though he should not be encouraged by a single nibble.

3. He would carry a fowling-piece on his shoulder for hours together, trudging through woods and swamps and up hill and down dale, to shoot a few squirrels or wild

pigeons. He would never refuse to assist a neighbor even in the roughest toil, and was a foremost man at all country frolics for husking Indian corn or building stone fences.

In a word, Rip was ready to attend to anybody's business but his own; but as to doing family duty and keeping his farm in order, he found it impossible.

His fences were continually falling to pieces; his cow would either go astray or get among the cabbages; weeds were sure to grow quicker in his fields than anywhere else; and the rain always made a point of setting in just as he had some outdoor work to do.

4. His children, too, were as ragged and wild as if they belonged to nobody. His son, Rip, promised to inherit the habits with the old clothes of his father. He was generally seen trooping like a colt at his mother's heels, equipped in a pair of his father's cast-off breeches, which he had much ado to hold up with one hand, as a fine lady does her train in bad weather.

Rip Van Winkle if left to himself would have whistled life away in perfect contentment; but his wife kept continually dinning in his ears about his idleness, his carelessness, and the ruin he was bringing on his family.

5. Rip's sole domestic adherent was his dog Wolf, who was as much henpecked as his master; for Dame Van

Winkle regarded them as companions in idleness, and even looked upon Wolf with an evil eye as the cause of his master's going so often astray.

The moment Wolf entered the house, his crest fell, his tail drooped to the ground or curled between his legs. He sneaked about casting many a sidelong glance at Dame Van Winkle, and at the least flourish of a broomstick or ladle he would fly to the door yelping.

6. Times grew worse and worse with Rip Van Winkle. For a long while he used to console himself, when driven from home, by frequenting a kind of club of idle personages of the village, which held its sessions on a bench before a small inn, designated by a rubicund portrait of his majesty George the Third.

Here they used to sit in the shade of a long, lazy summer's day, talking listlessly over village gossip or telling endless, sleepy stories about nothing.

From even this stronghold the unlucky Rip was at length routed by his wife, who would suddenly break in upon the tranquillity of the assemblage and call the members all to naught.

7. Poor Rip was at last reduced almost to despair, and his only alternative to escape from the labor of the farm and the clamor of his wife was to take gun in hand and stroll away into the woods. Here he would sometimes seat himself at the foot of a tree and share the

contents of his wallet with Wolf, with whom he sympathized as a fellow sufferer.

In a long ramble of the kind, on a fine autumnal day, Rip had scrambled to one of the highest parts of the Catskill Mountains. He was after his favorite sport of squirrel shooting, and the still solitudes had echoed and re-echoed with the reports of his gun. Panting and fatigued, he threw himself, late in the afternoon, on a green knoll that crowned the brow of a precipice.

8. From an opening between the trees he could overlook all the lower country for many a mile of rich woodland. He saw at a distance the lordly Hudson, far, far below him, moving on its silent but majestic course, with the reflection of a purple cloud or the sail of a lagging bark here and there sleeping on its glassy bosom and at last losing itself in the blue highlands.

For some time Rip lay musing on this scene. Evening was gradually advancing; the mountains began to throw their long, blue shadows over the valleys. He saw that it would be dark long before he could reach the village, and he heaved a heavy sigh when he thought of encountering the terrors of Dame Van Winkle.

9. As he was about to descend he heard a voice from a distance hallooing, "Rip Van Winkle! Rip Van Winkle!" At the same time Wolf bristled up his back and, giving

a low growl, skulked to his master's side, looking fearfully down into the glen.

Rip looked anxiously in the same direction, and perceived a strange figure slowly toiling up the rocks and bending under the weight of something he carried on his back. He was surprised to see any human being in this lonely place, but, supposing it to be some one of the neighborhood in need of his assistance, he hastened down to yield it.

10. On nearer approach he was still more surprised at the stranger's appearance. He was a short, square-built old fellow, with thick, bushy hair and a grizzled beard. His dress was of the antique Dutch fashion,—a cloth jerkin strapped round the waist, several pairs of breeches, the outer one of ample volume, decorated with rows of buttons down the sides, and bunches at the knees.

He bore on his shoulders a stout keg that seemed full of liquor, and made signs for Rip to approach and assist him with the load. Though rather shy and distrustful of this new acquaintance, Rip complied with his usual alacrity, and they clambered up a narrow gully, apparently the dry bed of a mountain torrent.

11. As they ascended, Rip every now and then heard long, rolling peals, like distant thunder, that seemed to issue out of a deep ravine, toward which their rugged path conducted. Passing through the ravine, they came to a hollow surrounded by precipices.

During the whole time Rip and his companion had labored on in silence; for though the former marveled greatly what could be the object of carrying a keg of liquor up this wild mountain, yet there was something strange about the unknown that inspired awe and checked familiarity.

12. On entering the hollow, new objects of wonder presented themselves. On a level spot in the center was a company of odd-looking personages playing at ninepins. They were dressed in a quaint, outlandish fashion; some wore short doublets, others jerkins, with long knives in their belts, and most of them had enormous breeches of similar style to that of the guide's.

Their faces, too, were peculiar; one had a large head, broad face, and small, piggyish eyes; the face of another seemed to consist entirely of nose, and was surmounted by a white sugar-loaf hat, set off with a little red cock's tail. They all had beards of various shapes and colors.

13. There was one who seemed to be the commander. He was a stout old gentleman, with a weather-beaten countenance; he wore a laced doublet, broad belt and hanger, high-crowned hat and feather, red stockings, and high-heeled shoes with roses in them.

What seemed particularly odd to Rip was that though these folks were evidently amusing themselves, yet they maintained the gravest faces, the most mysterious

silence, and were, withal, the most melancholy party of pleasure he had ever witnessed.

Nothing interrupted the stillness of the scene but the noise of the balls, which, whenever they were rolled, echoed along the mountains like rumbling peals of thunder.

As Rip and his companion approached them they stared at him with such strange, uncouth countenances that his heart turned within him and his knees smote together.

14. His companion now emptied the contents of the keg into large flagons and made signs to him to wait upon the company. He obeyed with fear and trembling; they drank the liquor in silence, and then returned to their game.

By degrees Rip's awe and fear subsided. He even ventured, when no eye was fixed upon him, to taste the beverage, which he found had much the flavor of excellent Hollands. He was naturally a thirsty soul, and was soon tempted to repeat the draught.

One taste provoked another, and he repeated his visits to the flagon so often that at length his eyes swam in his head, his head gradually declined, and he fell into a deep sleep.

RIP VAN WINKLE.

PART II.

óc cŭr' rəŋç ęs

à bǎn' dònéd

ǎs sēm' blǎge

hà rǎngu' ینگ

rěf ũ ġēe'

cǒr rǒb' ỏ rǎt ểd

1. ON waking he found himself on the green knoll from whence he had first seen the old man of the glen. He rubbed his eyes—it was a bright, sunny morning. The birds were hopping and twittering among the bushes, and the eagle was wheeling aloft and breasting the pure mountain breeze.

“Surely,” thought Rip, “I have not slept here all night.” He recalled the occurrences before he fell asleep. “Oh, that wicked flagon!” thought Rip; “what excuse shall I make to Dame Van Winkle?”

He looked round for his gun, but in place of the clean, well-oiled fowling-piece he found an old firelock lying by him, the barrel encrusted with rust, the lock falling off, and the stock worm-eaten.

He now suspected that the grave jokers of the mountain had put a trick upon him and, having dosed him with liquor, robbed him of his gun. Wolf, too, had disappeared.



RIP VAN WINKLE WAKING FROM HIS LONG SLEEP.

2. He determined to revisit the scene of the last evening's gambol and if he met with any of the party to demand his dog and gun. As he rose to walk, he found himself stiff in the joints and wanting in his usual activity.

With some difficulty he got down into the glen. He found the gully up which he and his companion had ascended the preceding evening; but, to his astonishment, a mountain stream was now foaming down it.

He, however, made shift to scramble up its sides, and at length reached to where the ravine had opened through the cliffs; but no trace of such opening remained. The rocks presented a high wall, over which the torrent came tumbling in a sheet of feathery foam. Here, then, poor Rip was brought to a stand.

3. What was to be done? The morning was passing away, and Rip felt famished for want of his breakfast. He grieved to give up his dog and gun; he dreaded to meet his wife; but it would not do to starve among the mountains. He shook his head, shouldered the rusty firelock, and with a heart full of trouble and anxiety turned his steps homeward.

As he approached the village he met a number of people, but none whom he knew, which somewhat surprised him, for he had thought himself acquainted with every one in the country round. Their dress, too, was of a different fashion from that to which he was accustomed.

They all stared at him with equal marks of surprise, and whenever they cast eyes upon him invariably stroked their chins. This gesture induced Rip to do the same, when, to his astonishment, he found his beard had grown a foot long !

4. He had now entered the skirts of the village. A troop of strange children ran at his heels, hooting after him and pointing at his gray beard. The dogs, too, not one of which he recognized for an old acquaintance, barked at him as he passed. The very village was altered.

There were rows of houses which he had never seen before, and those which had been his familiar haunts had disappeared. Strange names were over the doors — strange faces at the windows — everything was strange. His mind now misgave him ; he began to doubt whether both he and the world around him were not bewitched.

5. It was with some difficulty that he found his way to his own house, which he approached with silent awe, expecting every moment to hear the shrill voice of Dame Van Winkle. He found the house gone to decay, — the roof fallen in, the windows shattered, and the doors off the hinges.

He entered the house, which, to tell the truth, Dame Van Winkle had always kept in neat order. It was empty, forlorn, and apparently abandoned.

He now hurried forth and hastened to his old resort,

the village inn ; but it, too, was gone. A large, rickety wooden building stood in its place and over the door was painted, "The Union Hotel, by Jonathan Doolittle."

Instead of the great tree that used to shelter the quiet little Dutch inn of yore, there now was reared a tall pole with something on the top that looked like a red night-cap, and from it was fluttering a flag on which was a singular assemblage of stars and stripes.

6. He recognized on the sign, however, the ruby face of King George, under which he had smoked so many a peaceful pipe; but even this was singularly changed.

The red coat was changed for one of blue and buff, a sword was held in the hand instead of a scepter, the head was decorated with a cocked hat, and underneath was painted in large characters, GENERAL WASHINGTON.

There was, as usual, a crowd of folks about the door, but none that Rip recollected. A fellow with his pockets full of handbills was haranguing about election — members of Congress — liberty — Bunker Hill — heroes of seventy-six — and other words which were a perfect jargon to the bewildered Van Winkle.

7. The appearance of Rip, with his long, grizzled beard, his rusty fowling-piece, his uncouth dress, and the army of women and children that had gathered at his heels, soon attracted attention.

A knowing, self-important old gentleman in a sharp,

cocked hat made his way through the crowd, putting them to the right and left with his elbows as he passed, and, planting himself before Van Winkle, demanded in an austere tone, "what brought him to the election with a gun on his shoulder and a mob at his heels, and whether he meant to breed a riot in the village?"

8. "Alas! gentlemen," cried Rip, somewhat dismayed, "I am a poor, quiet man, a native of the place, and a loyal subject of the king, God bless him!"

Here a general shout burst from the bystanders: "A tory! a tory! a spy! a refugee! hustle him! away with him!"

It was with great difficulty that the self-important man in the cocked hat restored order. Rip humbly assured him that he meant no harm, but merely came there in search of some of his neighbors who used to keep about the tavern.

"Well, who are they? Name them."

Rip bethought himself a moment, and inquired, "Where's Nicholas Vedder?"

9. There was a silence for a little while, when an old man replied in a thin, piping voice, "Nicholas Vedder? Why, he is dead and gone these eighteen years!"

"Where's Brom Dutcher?"

"Oh, he went off to the army in the beginning of the war; some say he was killed at the storming of Stony

Point, others say he was drowned in the squall at the foot of Antony's Nose. I don't know—he never came back again."

"Where's Van Bummel, the schoolmaster?"

"He went off to the wars, too; was a great militia general, and is now in Congress."

10. Rip's heart died away at hearing of these sad changes in his home and friends and finding himself thus alone in the world. Every answer puzzled him, too, by treating of such enormous lapses of time and of matters which he could not understand; war—Congress—Stony Point—he had no courage to ask after any more friends, but cried out in despair, "Does anybody here know Rip Van Winkle?"

"Oh, Rip Van Winkle!" exclaimed two or three. "Oh, to be sure! that's Rip Van Winkle yonder leaning against the tree."

11. Rip looked and beheld a precise counterpart of himself as he went up the mountain,—apparently as lazy and certainly as ragged. The poor fellow was now completely confounded. He doubted his own identity and whether he was himself or another man. In the midst of his bewilderment the man in the cocked hat demanded who he was and what was his name.

"God knows," exclaimed he, at his wit's end; "I'm not myself—I'm somebody else. I was myself last

night, but I fell asleep on the mountain, and they've changed my gun and everything's changed and I'm changed and I can't tell what's my name or who I am!"

12. At this critical moment a fresh, comely woman passed through the throng to get a peep at the gray-bearded man. She had a chubby child in her arms, which, frightened at his looks, began to cry. "Hush, Rip," cried she, "hush; the old man won't hurt you."

The name of the child, the air of the mother, the tone of her voice all awakened a train of recollections in his mind.

"What is your name, my good woman?" asked he.

"Judith Gardenier."

"And your father's name?"

"Ah, poor man, his name was Rip Van Winkle; it's twenty years since he went away from home with his gun and never has been heard of since. His dog came home without him; but whether he shot himself or was carried away by the Indians nobody can tell. I was then but a little girl."

13. Rip had but one question more to ask; but he put it with a faltering voice:—

"Where's your mother?"

"Oh, she, too, had died but a short time since."

The honest man could contain himself no longer. He caught his daughter and her child in his arms. "I am

your father!" cried he. "Young Rip Van Winkle once, old Rip Van Winkle now. Does nobody know poor Rip Van Winkle?"

All stood amazed, until an old woman, tottering out from among the crowd, put her hand to her brow, and, peering under it in his face for a moment, exclaimed, "Sure enough! it is Rip Van Winkle—it is himself. Welcome home again, old neighbor. Why, where have you been these twenty long years?"

Rip's story was soon told, for the whole twenty years had been to him but as one night. The neighbors stared when they heard it; some were seen to wink at each other and put their tongues in their cheeks, and the self-important man in the cocked hat screwed down the corners of his mouth and shook his head.

14. It was determined, however, to take the opinion of old Peter Vanderdonk, who was seen slowly advancing up the road. He recollected Rip at once and corroborated his story in the most satisfactory manner.

He assured the company that it was a fact handed down from his ancestor, the historian, that the Catskill Mountains had always been haunted by strange beings.

That it was affirmed that the great Hendrick Hudson, the first discoverer of the river and country, kept a kind of vigil there every twenty years with his crew of the Half-moon, being permitted in this way to revisit the

scenes of his enterprise and keep a guardian eye upon the river and the great city called by his name.

That his father had seen them in their old Dutch dresses playing at ninepins in the hollow of the mountain; and that he himself had heard one summer afternoon the sound of their balls like distant peals of thunder.

15. Rip's daughter took him home to live with her, and he resumed his old walks and habits.

He took his place once more on the bench at the inn door and was revered as one of the patriarchs of the village. It was some time before he could be made to comprehend the strange events that had taken place.

How there had been a revolutionary war—that the country had thrown off the yoke of old England—and that, instead of being a subject of his majesty George the Third, he was now a free citizen of the United States.

16. He used to tell his story to every stranger that arrived at the hotel. He was observed at first to vary on some points every time he told it, which was doubtless owing to his having so recently awakened. Some always pretended to doubt the reality of it and insisted that Rip had been out of his head.

The old Dutch inhabitants, however, almost universally gave it full credit. Even to this day they never hear a thunder storm about the Catskill but they say Hendrick Hudson and his crew are at their game of ninepins.

POCAHONTAS.

BY WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

ONE of the most eminent novelists of our time was William M. Thackeray, who was born in Calcutta in 1811. His father left him a large fortune, which enabled the future author to secure an university education. Although Thackeray's first ambition was to become an artist, he devoted himself to literature after the loss of his fortune. He wrote for many years before he gained a reputation, but at last his great novels, "Pendennis," "Henry Esmond," and "The New-comers," secured for him the highest rank among the great masters of fiction.



No writer of his time had such a command of English, and his language is full of purity and strength.

Thackeray had a wonderful insight into human nature. He had no patience for falsehood or wrong ; but there was a world of tenderness and sympathy in his heart.

Thackeray was highly respected and deeply beloved for his rare personal qualities. He died on the morning of December 24, 1863.

WEARIED arm and broken sword
Wage in vain the desperate fight;
Round him press a countless horde,
He is but a single knight.

Hark ! a cry of triumph shrill
Through the wilderness resounds,
As, with twenty bleeding wounds,
Sinks the warrior, fighting still.

Now they heap the funeral pyre,
And the torch of death they light;
Ah ! 't is hard to die by fire !
Who will shield the captive knight ?
Round the stake with fiendish cry
Wheél and dance the savage crowd ;
Cold the victim's mien and proud,
And his breast is bared to die.

Who will shield the fearless heart ?
Who avert the murderous blade ?
From the throng with sudden start,
See, there springs an Indian maid.
Quick she stands before the knight :
“ Loose the chain, unbind the ring !
I am daughter of the king,
And I claim the Indian right ! ”

Dauntlessly aside she flings
Lifted axe and thirsty knife ;
Fondly to his heart she clings,
And her bosom guards his life !

In the woods of Powhatan,
Still 't is told by Indian fires
How a daughter of their sires
Saved a captive Englishman.

RAIN IN THE GARRET.

By DONALD GRANT MITCHELL.

DONALD G. MITCHELL, widely known by his pen-name of "Ik Marvel," was born in Norwich, Conn., in April, 1822. Not being very robust, he was sent for a few years to his grandfather's farm. The farm life interested him greatly, and he loved the country. The breadth of a country life was a delight to him. He says, "In the fields of God's planting there is room. The boy grows to manliness instead of growing to be like men."

In 1841 he graduated at Yale College. Three years later he went to England, traveling through every county on foot, and wrote letters about his trip for the newspapers.

On his return he wrote a book of travels. A few years later he went abroad again, and wrote a second book of travel. His most popular works are "Dream Life" and "Reveries of a Bachelor."

In 1853 he was sent as consul to Venice. He returned in 1855 and bought a beautiful farm near New Haven, Conn., which he called Edgewood.



There he leads a happy life, enjoying his home and writing. His books are full of beauty and grace, and the later writings are strong, healthful, with a dash of wit and fun.

The following selection is from "Dream Life," and is probably one of Mr. Mitchell's memories of the days spent in the old farmhouse where his grandfather lived.

Mr. Mitchell wrote a book for children called "Among Old Story Tellers," which is very interesting.

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1. It is an old garret with big brown rafters, and the boards between are stained with the rainstorms of fifty years. And as the sportive April shower quickens its flood, it seems as if its torrents would come dashing through the shingles upon you and upon your play. But it will not; for you know that the old roof is strong.

You love that old garret roof, and you nestle down under its slope with a sense of its protecting power that no castle walls can give to your maturer years.

It seems a grand old place, and it is capital fun to search in its corners and drag out some bit of quaint old furniture with a leg broken, and lay a cushion across it, and fix your reins upon the lion's claws of the feet, and then — gallop away!

And you offer sister Nelly a chance if she will be good; and throw out very patronizing words to little

Charlie, who is mounted upon a much humbler horse — as he of right should be, since he is three years your junior.

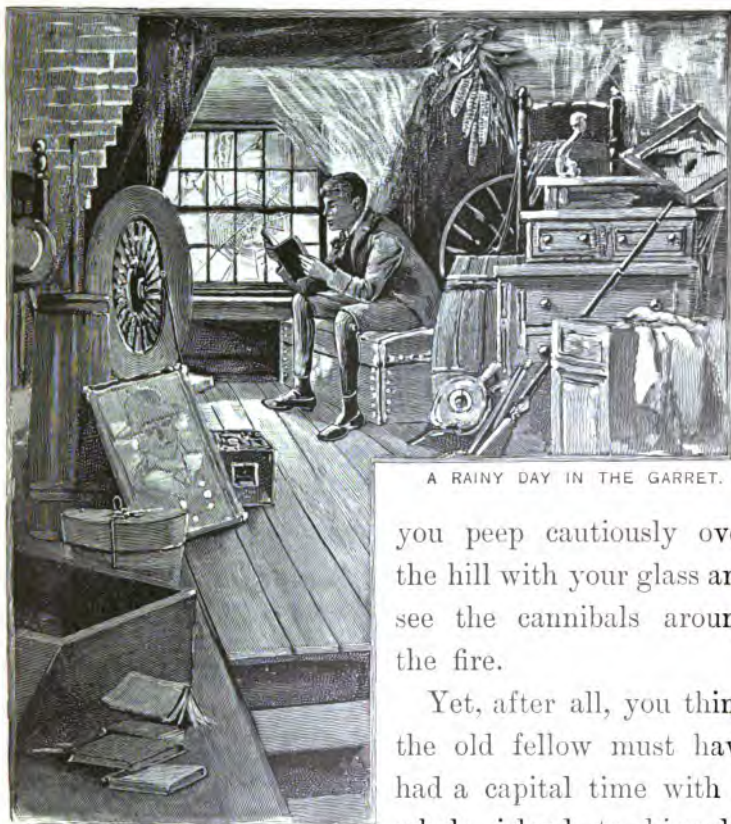
2. I know no nobler forage ground for a romantic, venturesome, mischievous boy than the garret of an old family mansion on a day of storm. It is a perfect field of chivalry.

The heavy rafters, the dashing rain, the piles of spare mattresses to carouse upon, the big trunks to hide in, the old white coats and hats hanging in obscure corners like ghosts — are great!

There is great fun in groping through a tall barrel of books and pamphlets, on the lookout for startling pictures; and there are chestnuts in the garret, drying, which you have discovered on a ledge of the chimney, and you slide a few into your pocket and munch them quietly — giving now and then one to Nelly and begging her to keep silent, for you have a great fear of its being forbidden fruit.

3. But you grow tired of this; you tire even of the swing and of the pranks of Charlie, and you glide away into a corner with an old dog's-eared copy of "Robinson Crusoe."

And you grow heart and soul into the story, until you tremble for the poor fellow with his guns behind the palisade, and are yourself half dead with fright when



A RAINY DAY IN THE GARRET.

you peep cautiously over the hill with your glass and see the cannibals around the fire.

Yet, after all, you think the old fellow must have had a capital time with a whole island to himself;

and you think you would like such a time yourself, if only Nelly and Charlie could be there with you.

But this thought does not come till afterward; for the time you are nothing but Crusoe—you are living in his cave with Poll the parrot and are looking out for your goats and man Friday.

4. You dream what a nice thing it would be for you to slip away some pleasant morning — not to York, as young Crusoe did, but to New York — and take passage as a sailor; and how, if they knew you were going, there would be such a world of good-byes, and how, if they did not know it, there would be such a world of wonder!

And then the sailor's dress would be altogether such a jaunty affair, and it would be such rare sport to lie off upon the yards far aloft, as you have seen sailors in pictures looking out upon the blue and tumbling sea.

No thought now in your boyish dreams of sleety storms and cables stiffened with ice and crashing spars and great icebergs towering fearfully around you!

5. You would have better luck than even Crusoe; you would save a compass and a Bible and stores of hatchets and the captain's dog and great puncheons of sweetmeats (which Crusoe altogether overlooked); and you would save a tent or two, which you could set up on the shore, and an American flag and a small piece of cannon, which you could fire as often as you liked.

At night you would sleep in a tree — though you wonder how Crusoe did it — and would say the prayers you had been taught to say at home, and fall to sleep, dreaming of Nelly and Charlie.

6. At sunrise, or thereabouts, you would come down, feeling very much refreshed, and make a very nice break-

fast off of smoked herring and sea-bread with a little currant jam and a few oranges. After this you would haul ashore a chest or two of the sailor's clothes, and, putting a few large jackknives in your pocket, would take a stroll over the island and dig a cave somewhere and roll in a cask or two of sea-bread.

And you fancy yourself growing after a time very tall and wearing a magnificent goatskin cap trimmed with green ribbons and set off with a plume. You think you would have put a few more guns in than Crusoe did and charged them with a little more grape.

7. After a long while, you fancy, a ship would arrive which would carry you back, and you count upon very great surprise on the part of your father and little Nelly as you march up to the door of the old family mansion with plenty of gold in your pocket and a small bag of cocoanuts for Charlie, and with a great deal of pleasant talk about your island far away in the south seas.

And so, with your head upon your hand, in your quiet, garret corner, over some such beguiling story, your thought leans away from the book into your own dreamy cruise over the sea of life.

THE SEA VOYAGE.

By JOSIAH GILBERT HOLLAND.

From "Arthur Bonnicastle." Copyright, 1882, by Charles Scribner's Sons.

JOSIAH G. HOLLAND, widely known by the pen-name of "Timothy Titcomb," was born July, 1819, in a Massachusetts village called Belchertown. He began life as a doctor, but after a few years of practice gave up this profession and went to Vicksburg as superintendent of schools.

From this city he went to Springfield, Mass., and became an editor of "The Springfield Republican." He wrote first for the papers, but soon devoted more time to general literary work. He wrote a number of novels, two very popular poems, "Bitter Sweet" and "Kathrina," and several volumes of essays.



In 1870 he became editor of "Scribner's Monthly" in New York.

Dr. Holland was a delightful man and made many friends. His novels are very interesting as stories. They contain many pictures of village life, and the thought and lessons taught by them are strong and helpful. His numerous essays, first published in periodicals and afterwards in book form, are widely read. They are full of homely wisdom and kindly advice.

Dr. Holland died in 1881.

The following selection is taken from "Arthur Bonnicastle," one of Holland's best novels.

Arthur, the hero of the book, was visiting a lady who was very fond of him. He and Jenks, the stable man, were friends, although his eccentric hostess did not know of their friendship.

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1. AFTER dinner I asked liberty to go to the stable. I was fond of horses and all domestic animals. I made my request in the presence of Jenks, and that old hypocrite had the hardihood to growl and grumble and mutter. I looked at him inquiringly.

“Don't mind Jenks,” said Madame.

Jenks went growling out of the room, but as he passed me I caught the old cunning look in his little eyes and followed him. When the door was closed he cut a pigeon-wing, and ended by throwing one foot entirely over my head.

Then he whispered: “You go out and stay there until I come. Don't disturb anything.” So I went out, thinking him quite the queerest old fellow I had ever seen.

2. I passed half an hour patting the horse's head, calling the chickens around me, and wondering what the plans of Jenks would be. At length he appeared. Walking tiptoe into the stable, he said: “The old woman is down for a nap, and we've got two good hours for a voyage. Now, messmate, let's up sails and be off!”

At this he seized a long rope which depended from one of the great beams above, and pulled away with a “Yo! heave, oh!” (letting it slide through his hands at every

call), as if an immense spread of canvas were to be the result.

"Belay there!" he said at last, in token that his ship was under way and the voyage begun.

"It's a bit cold, my hearty, and now for a turn on the quarter-deck," he said, as he grasped my hand and walked with me back and forth across the floor. I was seized with a fit of laughter, but walked with him, nothing loth. "Now we plow the billow," said Jenks; "this is what I call gay."

3. After giving our blood a jog and getting into a glow, he began to laugh.

"What are you laughing at?" I inquired.

"She made me promise that I would n't tease or trouble you, she did!" and then he laughed again. Then he suddenly sobered, and suggested that it was time to examine our chart. Dropping my hand, he went to a bin of oats, built like a desk and opening from the top with a falling lid.

Then he brought forth two three-legged milking-stools and placed them before it, and, plunging his hand deep down into the oats drew out my atlas neatly wrapped in an old newspaper. This he opened before me, and we took our seats.

"Now where are we?" said Jenks.

4. I opened to the map of the world, and said: "Here

is New York and there is Boston. We can't be very far from either of 'em, but I think we are between 'em."

"Very well; let it be between 'em," said Jenks. "Now what?"

"Where will you go?" I inquired.

"I don't care where I go; let us have a big sail now that we are in for it," he replied.

"Well, then, let's go to Great Britain," I said.

"Is n't there something that they call the English Channel?" inquired Jenks with a doubtful look.

"Yes, there is," and, cruising about among the fine type, I found it.

"Well, I don't like this idea of being out of sight of land. It's dangerous, and if you can't sleep there is no place to go to. Let's steer straight for the English Channel."

5. "But it will take a month," I said; "I have heard people say so a great many times."

"My! A month? Out of sight of land? Hey de diddle! Very well, let it be a month. Hullo! it's all over! Here we are; now where are we on the map?"

"We seem to be pretty near to Paris," I said, "but we don't quite touch it. There must be some little places along here that are not put down. There's London, too; that does n't seem to be a great way off, but there's a strip of land between it and the water."

"Why, yes, there's Paris," said Jenks, looking out of the stable window and down upon the town. "Don't you see? It's a fine city. I think I see just where Napoleon Bonaparte lives. But it's a wicked place; let's get away from it. Bear off now"; and so our imaginary bark, to use Jenks' large phrase, "swept up the Channel."

6. Here I suggested that we had better take a map of Great Britain, and we should probably find more places to stop at. I found it easily with the "English Channel" in large letters.

"Here we are!" I said; "see the towns!"

"My! Ain't they thick!" responded Jenks. "What is that name running lengthwise there right through the water?"

"That's the 'Strait of Dover,'" I replied.

"Well, then, look out! We're running right into it! It's a narrow place, anyway. Bear away there; take the middle course. I've heard of the Straits of Dover before. They are dangerous; but we're through, we're through. Now where are we?"

"We are right at the mouth of the Thames," I replied, "and here is a river that leads straight up to London."

7. "Cruise off! cruise off!" said Jenks. "We're in an enemy's country. Sure enough, there's London"; and he looked out of the window with a fixed gaze as if the dome of St. Paul's were as plainly in sight as his own nose.

After satisfying himself with a survey of the great city, he remarked interrogatively, "Have n't we had about enough of this? I want to go where the spicy breezes blow. Now that we have got our sea-legs on let us make for the equator. Bring the ship round; here we go; now what?"

8. "We have got to cross the Tropic of Cancer, for all that I can see," said I.

"Can't we possibly dodge it?" inquired Jenks, with concern.

"I don't see how we can," I replied. "It seems to go clean around."

"What is it, anyway?" said he.

"It does n't seem to be anything but a sort of dotted line," I answered.

"Oh, well, never mind; we'll get along with that," he said encouragingly. "Steer between two dots."

9. Here Jenks covered his mouth and nose, and held them until the danger was past. At last, with a red face, he inquired, "Are we over?"

"All over," I replied; "now where do you want to go?"

"Is n't there something that they call the Channel of Mozambique?" said Jenks.

"Why?" I asked.

"Well, I've always thought it must be a splendid sheet of water! Yes; Channel of Mozambique—splendid sheet of water! Mozambique! Grand name, is n't it?"

10. "Why, here it is," said I, "away round here. We've got to run down the coast of Africa and around the Cape of Good Hope and up into the Indian Ocean. Shall we touch anywhere?"

"No, I reckon it is n't best. The natives will think we are after 'em and we may get into trouble. But look here, boy! We've forgot the compasses. How we ever managed to get across the Atlantic without 'em is more than I know. That's one of the carelessst things I ever did. I don't suppose we could do it again in trying a thousand times."

Thereupon he drew from a corner of the oat-bin an old pair of carpenter's compasses, between which and the mariner's compass neither he nor I knew the difference, and said: "Now let us sail by compasses in the regular way."

"How do you do it?" I inquired.

11. "There can't be but one way, as I see," he replied. "You put one leg down on the map where you are, then put the other down where you want to go and just sail for that leg."

"Well," said I, "here we are, close to the Canary Islands. Put one leg down there and the other down here at St. Helena."

After considerable questioning and fumbling and adjusting of the compasses, they were held in their place

while we drove for the lonely island. After a considerable period of silence, Jenks broke out with: "Does n't she cut the water beautiful?"

"Here we are," he exclaimed at last. "Now let's double over and start again."



ARTHUR AND JENKS ON THEIR OCEAN VOYAGE.

12. So the northern leg came round with a half circle and went down at the Cape of Good Hope. The Tropic of Capricorn proved less dangerous than the northern corresponding line, and so, at last, sweeping around the Cape, we brought that leg of the compasses which we had left behind toward the equator again, and, working up on the map, arrived at our destination.

"Well, here we are in the Channel of Mozambique," I said.

"What's that blue place there on the right-hand side of it?" he inquired.

"That's the Island of Madagascar."

"You don't tell me!" he exclaimed. "Well! I never expected to be so near that place. The Island of Madagascar! The Island of Mad-a-gas-car! Let's take a look at it."

13. Thereupon he rose and took a long look out of the window. "Elephants — mountains — tigers — monkeys — golden sands — cannibals," he exclaimed slowly. Then he elevated his nose and began to sniff the air as if some far-off odor had reached him on viewless wings. "Spicy breezes, upon my word!" he exclaimed. "Don't you notice 'em, boy? Smell uncommonly like hay; what do you think?"

We had after this a long and interesting cruise, running into various celebrated ports and gradually working toward home. I was too busy with the navigation to join Jenks in his views of the countries and islands which we passed on the voyage, but he enjoyed every league of the long and eventful sail. At last Jenks cast anchor by dropping a huge stone through a trapdoor in the floor.

14. "It really seems good to be at home again and to feel everything standing still, does n't it?" said he. "I

wonder if I can walk straight," he went on, and then proceeded to ascertain by actual experiment.

I have laughed a hundred times since at the recollection of the old fellow's efforts to adapt himself to the imaginary billows of the stable floor.

I enjoyed the play quite as well as my companion did, but even then I did not comprehend that it was simply play with him. I supposed it was a trick of his to learn something of geography before cutting loose from service and striking out into the great world by way of the ocean. So I said to him: "What do you do this for?"

"What do I do it for? What does anybody go to sea for?" he inquired, with astonishment.

"Well, but you don't go to the real sea, you know," I suggested.

15. "Don't I! That's what the atlas says, anyway, and the atlas ought to know," said Jenks. "At any rate, it's as good a sea as I want at this time of year, just before winter comes on. If you only think so, it's a great deal better sailing on an atlas than it is sailing on the water. You have only to go a few inches and you needn't get wet and you can't drown.

"You can see everything there is in the world by looking out of the window and thinking you do; and what's the use spending so much time as people do traveling

to the ends of the earth? If I could only have had a real sail on the ocean and got through with it, I don't know but I should be ready to die."

"But you will have some time, you know," I said encouragingly.

"Do you think so?"

"When you run away you will," I said.

"I don't know," he responded dubiously. "I think perhaps I'd better run away on an atlas a few times first, just to learn the ropes."

WILL O' THE MILL.

(Abridged.)

By ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON was born November 30, 1850, at Edinburgh, Scotland, within sight of the great Edinburgh Castle.

His father and grandfather were famous lighthouse engineers. He was proud, when a boy, to think of his father as the builder of the great sea lights along the northern coast of Great Britain. He liked to think of the sailors that were watching far out on the ocean for the first glimpse of the rays they flashed.

Robert expected to follow the same profession; but he was not strong, and soon learned that he would never be able to become an engineer. He was fond of rambling about the wild Scottish coast, and often made sketches of it.

The Stevensons had a beautiful country home at Swanston, and there he spent many happy days. He was an "awful laddie for asking questions," said an old Scotchman of Swanston, "and when your back is turned he goes and writes it down."



He took a course at the University of Edinburgh, and later studied law, but gave it up because of his ill health. He was a great reader and especially fond of the writings of Charles Dickens. After giving up law he went to France, where he studied art, and there began to write for the magazines.

A large part of his life was spent in traveling. He journeyed through the mountains of France, driving a donkey to carry his camp-kit, paddled a canoe through the canals of Holland, hunted and fished in the Adirondacks, crossed America with an emigrant train, and sailed among the islands of the Pacific.

In 1879 he went to California for his health, and made his home in that state for some years.

His life so full of adventure and his wonderful power and genius as a writer soon placed him among the foremost of modern authors. One of them calls him "the dear king of us all."

In 1887 he built a beautiful home on the Island of Samoa. The house was on the side of a mountain, and as he looked up from its broad veranda he could see the great forests, and tiny silver waterfalls glistening among the foliage.

The dull roaring of the breakers as they dashed against the coral reefs which formed the island never ceased, and the sound came softly up to the house a thousand feet from the shore.

And there, within sight and sound of the sea, so dear to him, this great writer of fiction died in December, 1894.

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1. THE mill where Will lived with his adopted parents stood in a falling valley between pine woods and great mountains. A long gray village lay some way up like a seam, or a rag of vapor on a wooded hillside; and when the wind was favorable the sound of the church bells would drop down, thin and silvery, to Will.

Below, the valley grew ever steeper and steeper and at the same time widened out on either hand. From an eminence beside the mill it was possible to see its whole length and away beyond it over a wide plain where the river turned and shone and moved on from city to city on its voyage toward the sea.

2. It chanced that over this valley there lay a pass into a neighboring kingdom. All through the summer traveling carriages came crawling up or went plunging briskly downward past the mill; and, as it happened that the other side was very much easier of ascent, the path was not much frequented except by people going in one direction.

Of all the carriages that Will saw go by, five-sixths were plunging briskly downward and only one-sixth crawling up.

Much more was this the case with foot passengers. All the light-footed tourists, all the peddlers laden with strange wares were tending downward, like the river that accompanied their path.

3. Whither had they all gone? Whither went all the tourists and peddlers with strange wares? Whither the water of the stream, ever coursing downward and ever renewed from above?

Even the wind blew oftener down the valley, and carried the dead leaves along with it in the fall. They all went downward, fleetly and gayly downward, and only he, it seemed, remained behind like a stock upon the wayside.

It sometimes made him glad when he noticed how the fishes kept their heads upstream. They, at least, stood faithfully by him while all else were posting downward to the unknown world.

4. One evening he asked the miller where the river went.

"It goes down the valley," answered he, "and turns a power of mills — six score mills, they say — and is none the wearier after all. And then it goes out into the lowlands and waters the great corn country and runs through a sight of fine cities (so they say) where kings live all alone in great palaces, with a sentry walking up and down before the door.

"And it goes under bridges with stone men upon them looking down and smiling so curious at the water, and living folks leaning their elbows on the wall and looking over, too.

"And then it goes on and on and down through marshes and sands, until at last it falls into the sea where the ships are that bring parrots and tobacco from the Indies. Ay, it has a long trot before it as it goes singing over our weir, bless its heart!"

5. "And what is the sea?" asked Will.

"The sea!" cried the miller. "Lord help us all, it is the greatest thing God made! That is where all the water in the world runs down into a great salt lake.

"There it lies as flat as my hand and as innocent-like as a child; but they do say when the wind blows it gets up into water mountains bigger than any of ours and swallows down great ships bigger than our mill and makes such a roaring that you can hear it miles away upon the land."

From that day forward Will was full of new hopes and longings. Something kept tugging at his heart-strings; the running water carried his desires along with it as he dreamed, over its fleeting surface.

6. He spent long whiles on the hilltop looking down the river shed and abroad on the flat lowlands, and watched the clouds that traveled forth upon the sluggish wind and trailed their purple shadows on the plain. He would

linger by the wayside and follow the carriages with his eyes as they rattled downward by the river.

It did not matter what it was; everything that went that way, were it cloud or carriage, bird or brown water in the stream, he felt his heart flow out after it in an ecstasy of longing.

Bit by bit he pieced together broken notions of the world below: of the river, ever moving and growing until it sailed forth into the majestic ocean; of the cities, full of brisk and beautiful people, playing fountains, bands of music and marble palaces, and lighted up at night from end to end with artificial stars of gold.

7. The true life, the true, bright sunshine lay far out upon the plain. And, oh! to see this sunlight once before he died! to hear the trained singers and sweet church bells and see the holiday gardens!

"And oh, fish!" he would cry, "if you would only turn your noses downstream, you could swim so easily into the fabled waters and see the vast ships passing over your head like clouds, and hear the great water hills making music over you all day long!"

But the fish kept looking patiently in their own direction, until Will hardly knew whether to laugh or cry.

8. A time came at last when this was to be changed. The miller turned the mill house into a little wayside inn. It now became Will's duty to wait upon people as

they sat to break their fasts in the little arbor at the top of the mill garden ; and you may be sure that he kept his ears open and learned many new things about the outside world.

One day, when Will was about sixteen, a young man arrived at sunset to pass the night. He was a contented-looking fellow with a jolly eye, and carried a knapsack. While dinner was preparing he sat in the arbor to read a book ; but as soon as he had begun to observe Will, the book was laid aside.

Will soon began to take a great deal of pleasure in his talk, which was full of good nature and good sense, and at last conceived a great respect for his character and wisdom.

9. They sat far into the night ; and Will opened his heart to the young man and told him how he longed to leave the valley and what bright hopes he had connected with the cities of the plain. The young man whistled and then broke into a smile.

"My young friend," he remarked, "you are a very curious little fellow, to be sure, and wish a great many things which you will never get. Why, you would feel quite ashamed if you knew how the little fellows in these fairy cities of yours are all after the same sort of nonsense and keep breaking their hearts to get up into the mountains.

“And, let me tell you, those who go down into the plains are a very short while there before they heartily wish themselves back again. The air is not so light nor so pure; nor is the sun any brighter. As for the beautiful men and women, you would see many of them in rags.”

10. “You must think me very simple,” answered Will. “Although I have never been out of this valley, believe me, I have used my eyes. I do not expect to find all things right in your cities. That is not what troubles me. But you would not have me die and not see all that is to be seen and do all that a man can do? You would not have me spend all my days between this road here and the river, and not so much as make a motion to be up and live my life?”

“Thousands of people,” said the young man, “live and die like you and are none the less happy.”

“Ah!” said Will, “if there are thousands who would like, why should not one of them have my place?”

11. It was quite dark; there was a hanging lamp in the arbor which lighted up the table and the faces of the speakers, and along the arch the leaves upon the trellis stood out, illuminated against the night sky, a pattern of transparent green upon a dusky purple.

The young man rose, and, taking Will by the arm, led him out under the open heavens.

"Did you ever look at the stars?" he asked, pointing upward.

"Often and often," answered Will.

"And do you know what they are?"

"I have fancied many things."

"They are worlds like ours," said the young man. "Some of them less; many of them a million times greater; and some of the least sparkles that you see are not only worlds, but whole clusters of worlds turning about each other in the midst of space.

12. "We do not know what there may be in any of them,—perhaps the answer to all our difficulties or the cure of all our sufferings; and yet we can never reach them. Not all the skill of the craftiest of men can fit out a ship for the nearest of these our neighbors, nor would the life of the most aged suffice for such a journey.

"When a great battle has been lost or a dear friend is dead, there they are unweariedly shining overhead. We may stand down here, a whole army of us together, and shout until we break our hearts and not a whisper reaches them. We may climb the highest mountain and we are no nearer them."

Will hung his head a little and then raised it once more to heaven. The stars seemed to expand and emit a sharper brilliancy; and, as he kept turning his eyes

higher and higher, they seemed to increase in multitude under his gaze.

13. One day after dinner Will took a stroll among the firs. He kept smiling to himself and the landscape as he went. The river ran between the stepping-stones with a pretty wimple; a bird sang loudly in the wood.

His way took him to the eminence which overlooked the plain; and there he sat down upon a stone and fell into deep and pleasant thought.

The plain lay abroad with its cities and silver river; everything was asleep except a great eddy of birds which kept rising and falling and going round and round in the blue air. The river might run forever; the birds fly higher and higher till they touched the stars.

He saw it was empty bustle, after all; for here, without stirring a foot, waiting patiently in his own narrow valley, he also had attained the better sunlight.

THE CLOUD.

(Abridged.)

By PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY was the son of a wealthy English baronet, and was born in Sussex, England, in 1792.

He led a somewhat roving life, but is said to have been upright and generous.

Shelley is best known through some of his shorter poems. "The Cloud," "To the Skylark," and "The Sensitive Plant" are filled with pictures and overflow with beauty of thought and language. The poet was drowned in the Bay of Spezzia in 1822.

I BRING fresh showers for the thirsting flowers,
 From the seas and the streams;
 I bear light shade for the leaves when laid
 In their noonday dreams.
 From my wings are shaken the dews that waken
 The sweet birds, every one,
 When rocked to rest on their mother's breast,
 As she dances about the sun.
 I wield the flail of the lashing hail,
 And whiten the green plains under;
 And then again I dissolve it in rain,
 And laugh as I pass in thunder.
 I sift the snow on the mountains below,
 And their great pines groan aghast ;

And all the night 't is my pillow white,
 While I sleep in the arms of the blast.
 Sublime on the towers of skyey bowers
 Lightning, my pilot, sits ;
 In a cavern under is fettered the thunder ;
 It struggles and howls by fits ;
 Over earth and ocean, with gentle motion,
 This pilot is guiding me.

That orbéd maiden, with white fire laden,
 Whom mortals call the moon,
 Glides glimmering o'er my fleece-like floor,
 By the midnight breezes strewn ;
 And wherever the beat of her unseen feet,
 Which only the angels hear,
 May have broken the woof of my tent's thin roof,
 The stars peep behind her and peer ;
 And I laugh to see them whirl and flee,
 Like a swarm of golden bees,
 When I widen the rent in my wind-built tent
 Till the calm river, lakes, and seas,
 Like strips of the sky fallen through me on high,
 Are each paved with the moon and these.

TOM, THE WATER BABY, MAKES FRIENDS.

By CHARLES KINGSLEY.

A LITTLE village, called Holne, in England, was the early home of Charles Kingsley. His father was the rector there, and was also somewhat of an artist and sportsman. Charles was like him, but had the force and romance of his mother.

When Charles was eleven years old the family removed to Clovelly, on the coast. Here Charles and his brothers had their boat and ponies and began to study natural history. In the little story of the "Water Babies," from which this selection has been made, he tells some of the wonderful changes which take place in the water.



The rector's parish was largely made up of fishermen's families, and when the fishing fleets went out to sea, Mr. Kingsley, his wife, and the boys always went to the quay to hold a short service, where they all joined in singing the one hundred and twenty-first psalm. Kingsley's poem of the "Three Fishers" is a picture from real life.

After his education was finished, Charles became a rector also and went to Everly, which was his home for thirty years. In addition to his parish work he wrote a number of books which made him famous.

Several years were spent in travel, and, among other places, he visited America. The climate in this country delighted him, and he enjoyed meeting Mr. Longfellow and other literary men.

On his return to England he found much sickness among his people, and he overworked in caring for them. The serious illness of his wife was too great a shock for him in his feeble health, and he died in December, 1874.

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1. Tom was a poor little chimney sweep. He was treated unkindly by his master and was always dirty and black. One day when he was very hungry and thirsty he longed to go to the river and bathe in it.

He could hear it sing :

“Clear and cool, clear and cool,
By laughing shallow and dreaming pool ;
Cool and clear, cool and clear,
By shining shingle and foaming weir ;
Under the crag where the ousel sings,
And the ivied wall where the church bell rings,
Undefined for the undefined,
Play by me, bathe in me, mother and child.”

2. Tom was so hot and thirsty and longed so to be clean for once that he tumbled himself as quick as he could into the clear, cool stream.

He had not been in it two minutes before he fell fast asleep — into the quietest, cosiest sleep that he had ever had in his life.

The reason for his falling into such a delightful sleep was that the fairies took him. And now comes the most wonderful part of this story. When Tom awoke he found himself swimming about in the stream. He was about four inches long.

3. In fact, the fairies had turned him into a water baby. He had nothing to do now but enjoy himself and look at all the pretty things which are to be seen in the cool, clear water world.

Now, you must know that all the things under the water talk ; only not such a language as ours, but such as horses and dogs and cows and birds talk to each other.

And Tom soon learned to understand them and to talk to them, so that he might have had very pleasant company if he had only been a good boy. But, I am sorry to say, he was too like some other little boys, very fond of hunting and tormenting creatures for mere sport.

Some people say that boys cannot help it; that it is nature. But, whether it is nature or not, little boys can help it and must help it.

4. But Tom did not know that, and he pecked and jerked the poor water things about sadly, till they were all afraid of him and got out of his way or crept into their shells; so he had no one to speak to or play with.

The water fairies, of course, were very sorry to see him so unhappy and longed to tell him how naughty he was and teach him to be good and to play and romp with him, too; but they had been forbidden to do that.

Tom had to learn his lesson for himself, as many another foolish person has to do, though there may be many a

kind heart yearning over him all the while and longing to teach him what he can only teach himself.

At last, one day, he found a caddis and wanted it to peep out of its house; but its house door was shut. He had never seen a caddis with a house door before, so what must he do but pull it open to see what the poor lady was doing inside.

5. So Tom broke to pieces the door, which was the prettiest little grating of silk, stuck all over with shining bits of crystal; and when he looked in, the caddis poked out her head, and it had turned into just the shape of a bird's.

But when Tom spoke to her she could not answer, for her mouth and face were tight tied up in a new night-cap of neat pink skin. However, if she did n't answer, all the other caddises did; for they held up their hands and shrieked, "Oh, you horrid boy; there you are at it again!

"And she had just laid herself up for a fortnight's sleep, and then she would have come out with such beautiful wings and flown about and laid such lots of eggs; and now you have broken her door and she can't mend it because her mouth is tied up for a fortnight, and she will die."

6. So Tom swam away. He was very much ashamed of himself and felt all the naughtier, as little boys do when they have done wrong and won't say so.

Then he came to a pool full of little trout and began tormenting them and trying to catch them; but they slipped through his fingers and jumped out of the water in their fright.

But as Tom chased them, he came close to a great dark hover under an alder-root, and out jumped a huge old brown trout ten times as big as he was and ran right against him and knocked all the breath out of his body; and I don't know which was the more frightened of the two.

7. Then he went on, sulky and lonely, as he deserved to be; and under a bank he saw a very ugly creature sitting, about half as big as himself, which had six legs and a big stomach and a most ridiculous head with two great eyes and a face just like a donkey's.

"Oh," said Tom, "you are an ugly fellow, to be sure!" and he began making faces at him, and put his nose close to him and halloed at him like a very rude boy.

8. When, hey presto! all the thing's donkey face came off in a moment, and out popped a long arm with a pair of pincers at the end of it and caught Tom by the nose. It did not hurt him much, but it held him quite tight.

"Yah, ah! Oh, let me go!" cried Tom.

"Then let me go," said the creature. "I want to be quiet. I want to split."

Tom promised to let him alone and he let go. "Why do you want to split?" said Tom.

"Because my brothers and sisters have all split and turned into beautiful creatures with wings; and I want to split, too. Don't speak to me. I am sure I shall split. I will split!"

9. Tom stood still and watched him. And he swelled himself and puffed and stretched himself out stiff, and at last — crack, puff, bang — he opened all down his back and then up to the top of his head.

And out of his inside came the most slender, elegant, soft creature, as soft and smooth as Tom, but very pale and weak, like a little child who has been ill a long time in a dark room. It moved its legs very feebly; and then it began walking slowly up a grass stem to the top of the water.

Tom was so astonished that he never said a word. And he went up to the top of the water, too, and peeped out to see what would happen.

10. And, as the creature sat in the warm, bright sun, a wonderful change came over it. It grew strong and firm; the most lovely colors began to show on its body, blue and yellow and black, spots and bars and rings.

Out of its back rose four great wings of bright brown gauze; and its eyes grew so large that they filled all its head and shone like ten thousand diamonds.

"Oh, you beautiful creature!" said Tom; and he put out his hand to catch it.

But the thing whirled up into the air and hung poised on its wings a moment and then settled down again by Tom, quite fearless.

11. "No!" it said, "you cannot catch me. I am a dragon fly now, the king of all the flies; and I shall dance in the sunshine and over the river and catch gnats and have a beautiful wife like myself. I know what I shall do. Hurrah!" And he flew away into the air and began catching gnats.

"Oh! come back, come back," cried Tom, "you beautiful creature! I have no one to play with and I am so lonely here. If you will but come back I will never try to catch you."

"I don't care whether you do or not," said the dragon fly, "for you can't. But when I have had my dinner and looked a little about this pretty place I will come back and have a little chat about all I have seen in my travels."

12. The dragon fly did come back and chatted away with Tom. He was a little conceited about his fine colors and his large wings; but you know he had been a poor, ugly creature all his life before, so there were great excuses for him.

He was very fond of talking about all the wonderful

things he saw in the trees and the meadows, and Tom liked to listen to him. So in a little while they became great friends.

And I am very glad to say that Tom learned such a lesson that day that he did not torment creatures for a long time after. And then the caddises grew quite tame and used to tell him strange stories about the way they built their houses and changed their skins and turned at last into winged flies; till Tom began to long to change his skin and have wings like them some day.

13. And the trout and he made it up. So Tom used to play with them at hare and hounds, and great fun they had. And he used to try to leap out of the water, head over heels, as they did before a shower came on; but somehow he never could manage it.

And very often Tom caught the alder flies and the caperers and gave them to his friends the trout. Perhaps he was not quite kind to the flies; but one must do a good turn to one's friends when one can.

And at last he gave up catching even the flies, for he made acquaintance with one by accident and found him a very merry little fellow. This was the way it happened; and it is all quite true.

14. He was basking at the top of the water one hot day in July, feeding the trout, when he saw a dark gray little fellow with a brown head. He was a very little

fellow indeed ; but he made the most of himself, as people ought to do.

Instead of getting away, the little fellow hopped upon Tom's finger and sat there as bold as nine tailors, and he cried out in the tiniest, shrillest, squeakiest little voice you ever heard :

“Much obliged to you, indeed ; but I don't want it yet.”

“Want what?” said Tom, quite taken back by his impudence.

“Your leg, which you are kind enough to hold out for me to sit on. I must just go and see after my wife for a few minutes. When I come back I shall be glad of it, if you'll be so good as to keep it sticking out just so” ; and off he flew.

15. Tom thought him a very cool sort of personage ; and still more so when in five minutes he came back and said, “Ah, you were tired waiting? Well, your other leg will do as well.”

And he popped himself down on Tom's knee and began chatting away in his squeaking voice.

“So you live under the water? It's a low place. I lived there for some time and was very shabby and dirty. But I didn't choose that that should last. So I turned respectable and came up to the top and put on this gray suit. It's a very business-like suit, you think, don't you?”

“Very neat and quiet, indeed,” said Tom.

"But I'm tired of it, that's the truth. I've done quite enough business, I consider, in the last week to last me my life. So I shall put on a ball dress and go out and be a smart man and see the gay world and have a dance or two. Why shouldn't one be jolly if one can? And here I go."

16. And as he spoke he turned quite pale and then quite white.

"Why, you're ill!" said Tom. But he did not answer.

"You're dead," said Tom, looking at him as he stood on his knee, as white as a ghost.

"No, I'm not!" answered a little squeaking voice over his head. "This is me up here in my ball dress, and that's my skin. Ha, ha! you could not do such a trick as that!"

And no more Tom could, nor all the conjurers in the world. For the little rogue had jumped out of his own skin and left it standing on Tom's knee, eyes, wings, legs, tail, exactly as if it had been alive.

"Ha, ha!" he said, and he jerked and skipped up and down, never stopping an instant. "Am I not a pretty fellow now?"

17. And so he was; for his body was white and his tail orange and his eyes all the colors of a peacock's tail. And, what was the oddest of all, the whisks at the end of his tail had grown five times as long as they were before.

“Ah!” said he, “now I will see the gay world. My living won’t cost me much, for I have no mouth, you see, and no inside; so I can never be hungry nor have the stomach-ache neither.”

No more he had. He had grown as dry and hard and empty as a quill, as such silly, shallow-hearted fellows deserve to grow.

18. But, instead of being ashamed of his emptiness, he was quite proud of it, as a good many fine gentlemen are, and began flirting and flipping up and down and singing:

“My wife shall dance and I shall sing,
So merrily pass the day;
For I hold it one of the wisest things
To drive dull care away.”

And he danced up and down for three days and three nights till he grew so tired that he tumbled into the water and floated down. But what became of him Tom never knew and he himself never minded; for Tom heard him singing to the last as he floated down:

“To drive dull care away-ay-ay!”

THE SUGAR CAMP.

By CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER.

CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER is one of our best-known American writers. He was born at Plainfield, Mass., in September, 1829. His early home was in the country, and he delighted in outdoor



life and nature. He has given his readers many pictures of his boyhood days, as well as of his travels in later years. There is much kindly humor in his views of nature and in his garden experiences.

Mr. Warner was graduated at Hamilton College in 1851. He spent several years exploring the West with a surveying party, and then studied law, practising for several years in Chicago.

In 1860 he went to Hartford, Conn., and became an editor. His house is beautifully located on a hill near the home of Mark Twain and that of the late Mrs. Stowe. He died Oct. 20, 1900.

Mr. Warner devoted his time to writing and the study of literature. His essays and novels are widely read.

The following piece is taken from a well-known juvenile book by Mr. Warner, entitled "Being a Boy."

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1. I THINK there is no part of farming the boy enjoys more than the making of maple sugar ; it is better than "blackberrying" and nearly as good as fishing.

.

In my day maple-sugar-making used to be something between picnicking and being shipwrecked on a fertile island, where one saved from the wreck tubs and augers and great kettles and pork and hens' eggs and rye-and-indian bread, and began at once to lead the sweetest life in the world.

2. I am told that it is the custom now to carefully collect the sap and bring it to the house, where there are built brick arches, over which it is evaporated in shallow pans, and that pains is taken to keep the leaves, sticks, and ashes and coals out of it, and that the sugar is clarified.

In short, that it is a money-making business, in which there is very little fun, and that the boy is not allowed to dip his paddle into the kettle of boiling sugar and lick off the delicious syrup.

3. As I remember the New England boy, he used to be on the alert in the spring for the sap to begin running. I think he discovered it as soon as anybody. Perhaps he knew it by a feeling of something starting in his own veins, — a sort of spring stir in his legs and arms, which

tempted him to stand on his head or throw a handspring, if he could find a spot of ground from which the snow had melted.

The sap stirs early in the legs of a country boy and shows itself in uneasiness in the toes, which get tired of boots and want to come out and touch the soil just as soon as the sun has warmed it a little.

4. The country boy goes barefoot just as naturally as the trees burst their buds which were packed and varnished over in the fall to keep the water and the frost out.

Perhaps the boy has been out digging into the maple trees with his jackknife ; at any rate, he is pretty sure to announce the discovery as he comes running into the house in a great state of excitement with "Sap's runnin'!"

And then, indeed, the stir and excitement begin. The sap-buckets, which have been stored in the garret over the woodhouse, are brought down and set out on the south side of the house and scalded. The snow is still a foot or two feet deep in the woods, and the ox-sled is got out to make a road to the sugar camp.

5. It is a great day when the cart is loaded with the buckets and the procession starts into the woods. The sun shines into the forest, for there are only naked branches to bar it, and the snow is soft and beginning to sink down, leaving the young bushes spindling up every-

where. The snowbirds are twittering about, and the noise of shouting and of the blows of the axe echoes far and wide.

In the first place, the men go about and tap the trees, drive in the spouts, and hang the buckets under. The boy wishes that sometime when a hole is bored in a tree the sap would spout out in a stream as it does when a cider barrel is tapped ; but it never does, it only drops, sometimes almost in a stream, but on the whole slowly.

6. Then the camp is to be cleared of snow. The shanty is recovered with boughs. In front of it two great logs are rolled nearly together, and a fire is built between them.

Forked sticks are set at each end, and a long pole is laid on them, and on this are hung the great kettles. The huge hogsheads are turned right side up and cleaned out to receive the sap that is gathered.

The great fire that is kindled up is never let out, night or day, as long as the season lasts. Somebody is always cutting wood to feed it ; somebody is busy most of the time gathering in the sap ; somebody is required to watch the kettles that they do not boil over and to fill them.

7. The boy has his own little sap-yoke and small pails, with which he gathers the sweet liquid. He has a little boiling-place of his own with small logs and a tiny kettle.

In the great kettles the boiling goes on slowly, and the liquid, as it thickens, is dipped from one to another, until in the end kettle it is reduced to syrup and is taken out to cool and settle, until enough is made to "sugar off."

To "sugar off" is to boil the syrup until it is thick enough to crystallize into sugar. This is the grand event and is only done once in two or three days.

But the boy's desire is to "sugar off" perpetually. He boils his kettle down as rapidly as possible; he is not particular about chips, scum, or ashes, and he is apt to burn his sugar.

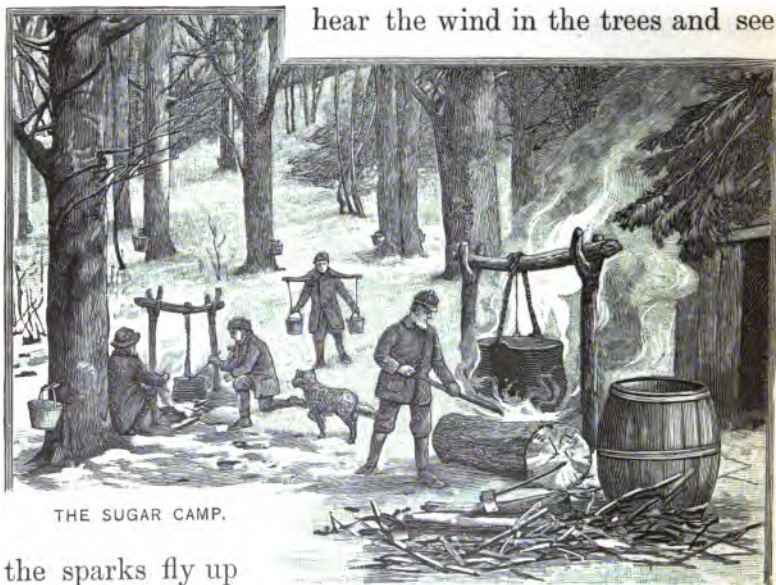
8. If he can get enough to make a little wax on the snow or to scrape from the bottom of the kettle with his wooden paddle he is happy. A good deal is wasted on his hands and the outside of his face and on his clothes; but he does not care.

Sometimes he is left to watch the boiling kettles, with a piece of pork tied on the end of a stick, which he dips into the boiling mass when it threatens to go over. He is constantly tasting of it, however, to see if it is not almost syrup. He has a long, round stick, whittled smooth at one end, which he uses for his purpose, at the constant risk of burning his tongue.

The smoke blows in his face; he is grimy with ashes. He is altogether such a mass of dirt, stickiness, and sweetness that his own mother would n't know him.

9. He likes to boil eggs in the hot sap. He likes to roast potatoes in the ashes, and he would live in the camp day and night if he were permitted. Some of the hired men sleep in the bough shanty and keep the fire blazing all night.

To sleep there with them and awake in the night and hear the wind in the trees and see



THE SUGAR CAMP.

the sparks fly up to the sky is a perfect realization of all the stories of adventures he has ever read.

He tells the other boys afterwards that he heard something in the night that sounded very much like a bear.

10. The great occasions for the boy, though, are the times of "sugaring off." Sometimes this used to be

done in the evening, and it was made the excuse for a frolic in the camp. The neighbors were invited ; sometimes even the pretty girls from the village, who filled all the woods with their sweet voices and merry laughter.

The white snow still lies on all the ground except the warm spot about the camp. The tree branches all show distinctly in the light of the fire, which sends its ruddy glare far into the darkness and lights up the bough shanty, the hogsheds, the buckets on the trees, and the group about the boiling kettles, until the scene is like something taken out of a fairy play.

11. At these sugar parties every one was expected to eat as much sugar as possible ; and those who are practised in it can eat a great deal. It is a peculiarity about eating warm maple sugar that, though you may eat so much of it one day as to be sick, you will want it the next day more than ever.

At the "sugaring-off" they used to pour the hot sugar upon the snow, where it congealed into a sort of wax, which I do suppose is the most delicious substance that was ever invented. And it takes a great while to eat it.

If one should close his teeth firmly on a ball of it he would be unable to open his mouth until it dissolved. The sensation while it is melting is very pleasant, but one cannot converse.

12. The boy used to make a big lump of it and give it to the dog, who seized it and closed his jaws on it, as dogs will on anything. It was funny the next moment to see the expression of perfect surprise on the dog's face when he found that he could not open his jaws.

He shook his head; he sat down in despair; he ran round in a circle; he dashed into the woods and back again. He did everything except climb a tree and howl. It would have been such a relief to him if he could have howled. But that was the one thing he could not do.

SPRING.

By HENRY TIMROD.

HENRY TIMROD, a favorite lyric poet of the South, was a native of Charleston, and died in 1867, after having endured ill health and poverty brought about by the ravages of the war. His war lyrics and poems of nature are marked by vigor and a genuine pathos.

SPRING, with that nameless pathos in the air
Which dwells with all things fair —
Spring, with her golden suns and silver rain,
Is with us once again.

In the deep heart of every forest tree
The blood is all alee,

And there's a look about the leafless bowers
As if they dreamed of flowers.

Yet still on every side we trace the hand
Of winter in the land,
Save where the maple reddens on the lawn,
Flushed by the season's dawn.

But many gleams and shadows need must pass
Along the budding grass,
And weeks go by before the enamored South
Shall kiss the rose's mouth.

Still there's a sense of blossoms yet unborn
In the sweet airs of morn;
One almost looks to see the very street
Grow purple at his feet.

At times a fragrant breeze comes floating by,
And brings, you know not why,
A feeling as when eager crowds await
Before a palace gate,

Some wondrous pageant; and you scarce would start,
If from some beech's heart
A blue-eyed dryad, stepping forth, should say,
"Behold me! I am May!"



SIR WALTER SCOTT.

măn'ŭ scrĭpt

mĭn'strĕl sŷ

pă răl'ŷ sĭs

1. WALTER SCOTT, the great master of fiction, was born in the beautiful old city of Edinburgh, Scotland, in the year 1771. His father was a lawyer, and Walter was his third son. The boy was strong and healthy as a baby, but when he was about two years old he lost the use of his right leg as the result of a fever. He was sent to his grandfather's farm at Sandy-Know.

One of the boy's first memories was of being wrapped in a sheep's skin and trying to creep after a watch which was dragged along the floor by his grandfather. When the day was fine he was usually carried out and laid

beside the old shepherd among the rocks where he fed his sheep.

2. The free life in the open air and upon the heather-covered hills gave him strength, and he became a strong, robust man, although he was somewhat lame all his life. Scott's father and mother belonged to famous old Scottish families, and many were the tales of the border life and its heroes to which the boy listened.

His mother had inspired him with a fondness for poetry, and he used to read Pope and Homer to her. He was much interested in the old ballads of border warfare and legends of his own country, which he soon knew by heart.

3. Little Walter spent the greater part of his time up to his eighth year at Sandy-Know with his aunt and grandmother, who were very fond of him. His aunt went with him one year to Bath, hoping the waters there would help him, and in his eighth year he was sent to another famous shore resort.

There he met an old soldier who had been in all the German wars, and loved to tell the stories of his battles to the bright-eyed boy. The War of the Revolution was then going on, and they often talked about that.

It was about that time that General Burgoyne sailed for America with his men. Walter had just been shown a picture of the American coast, and the country looked so rugged and had so many lakes that he said he didn't



ABBOTSFORD, SCOTT'S HOME.

believe the General would succeed. This made the old Captain very indignant, and after Burgoyne's defeat he would have little to do with the boy.

4. When Walter was nine years old, he returned to Edinburgh and entered the high school there. He had had little preparation, and was backward in Latin and Greek. He did his best to make up for his lameness, and his playmates thought him a brave, fearless little fellow, who could tell capital stories.

They spent many a winter's evening around the fire-place, listening to his stories and looking up to him with as much admiration as if he had been the best football or cricket player in the school.

This was good training for the future novelist, and the keen-witted Scotch laddies, with their eager faces glowing in the ruddy light of the hearth fire, were no mean critics.

5. At twelve years of age he was sent to the Edinburgh University, where he spent three years. Scott's father wished him to become a lawyer like himself, so the future novelist turned his attention to the studies which would help in the legal profession. He spent much of his time in reading stories of adventure, travel, and voyages, and soon tried to imitate what he so admired.

After leaving college, he entered his father's office. He disliked the work there; but his love for his father made him wish to please him, and he was admitted to the bar in 1792. He soon became as famous for his story-telling among the young lawyers as he had been among the schoolboys. There were leisure hours, and Scott was able to read many things outside of his law books.

6. He was greatly interested in old ballads and relics. Many of the Scotch ballads and old war songs had never been printed, but were held in the memories of the old peasants. These old Scottish songs had much strength

and expression, and the airs to which they were sung were full of weird music.

The young lawyer made many journeys among the Scottish hills, visiting the cabins of the old Highlanders, whose eyes would flash as they poured forth the songs of their early days.

One of Scott's friends, Mr. Shortreed, traveled with him on several of these trips. There was no inn where they might stop, so the travelers went from the shepherd's hut to the minister's manse, gathering songs and relics.

7. "It was in this same season, I think," says Mr. Shortreed, "that Sir Walter got from Dr. Elliot the large, old, border war horn, which you may still see hanging in the armory at Abbotsford. How great he was when he was made master of that! I believe it had been found in Hermitage Castle, and one of the doctor's servants had used it many a day as a grease horn for his scythe before they discovered its history. When cleaned out it was never a hair the worse—the original chain, hoop, and mouthpiece of steel were all entire.

"Sir Walter carried it home all the way slung about his neck like Johnny Gilpin's bottle, while I was entrusted with an ancient bridle bit, which we had likewise picked up."

8. Scott's fancy for ballads led him to study German, that he might read this style of poetry in that language,

and his first attempt at writing a poem was the turning of the German ballad "Leonora" into English verse. This he did in a single night, at the request of a young lady. When he read it to her at the breakfast table she told him that she thought he was going to be a poet.

He was pleased with his own success, and followed this work with some ballads of his own. In 1802 he sent out a book called "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border." In the meantime he had married Charlotte Carpenter, and had also been appointed a sheriff, an office with a good salary and light duties.

9. He was able to continue his writing. His first book was followed by "Marmion," "The Lady of the Lake," and other poems, each adding to his fame. He was a word painter, and his writing was filled with pictures of sunset, sea, and forest; but his portraits were still truer to life, and his historical characters walk before the eyes of his readers as in the olden days.

In the summer of 1798 Scott hired a pretty cottage at Laiswade, about six miles from Edinburgh, and there he and his wife spent several happy summers. It was a small house, but there was a garden which was a great source of pleasure to the poet.

He once said that he never was prouder of his handiwork than after finishing a rustic archway at the entrance of the Edinburgh road. It was here that he began to

feel something of his real power and wrote some of those ballads which made his name great.

10. In 1805 Scott began writing a novel called "Waverly." He showed the first seven chapters to a friend, who was not pleased with it; so he laid the manuscript aside. He afterwards felt sure that a Highland romance would succeed, and thought he would complete it, but was unable to find it.

Some years later, when looking for some fishing tackle for a friend, he came across it in an old desk; he finished it, and it was published in 1814 without the name of any author, as Scott was a little fearful that it might not succeed, and left it to win its own way in the world.

The book soon attracted attention, and Scott was suspected of having written it. "Waverly" was followed by other novels, and Scott became the popular author of his day.

11. In 1811 Walter Scott bought a hundred acres of moorland, bleak and bare, on the river Tweed, near Melrose. The place was filled with historic memories, and Scott planted it with trees and flowers. He transformed the house into a castle, with an armory, a library of poetry and history, and a museum; for the relics of ancient Scotland were still dear to him.

Walter Scott had four children, two girls and two boys. They were a constant delight to their father, who took



SCOTT'S LIBRARY AT ABBOTSFORD.

interest in all their joys and sorrows, and they thought no pleasure complete without his presence.

Washington Irving visited Scott in 1817, and wrote thus to his brother Peter :

“It is a perfect picture to see Scott and his household assembled of an evening, — the dogs, stretched before the fire, the cat perched on a chair, Mrs. Scott and the girls sewing, and Scott either reading out of some old romance or telling border stories. Our amusements were occasionally diversified by a border song from Sophia, who is as well versed in border minstrelsy as her father.”

12. Thus passed the happy days at Abbotsford, as Scott named his home; and one of Scott's uncles said: "God bless thee, Walter, my man! Thou hast risen to be great; but thou wast always good." In 1821 Scott was made Sir Walter Scott, Baronet of Abbotsford.

In the year 1826 the firm in which he had become a partner failed. Scott gave his fortune toward paying the creditors, keeping Abbotsford for his family, and then redoubled his efforts to pay what was still owing. He wrote twenty novels in the last ten years of his life, working constantly and refusing to receive aid. He was offered the position of poet laureate, but declined the honor, probably because of the task set before him.

13. This strain, together with the death of his beloved wife, was too great for his health, and brought on paralysis. A royal vessel was provided to take the invalid to Italy, and he visited Malta, Naples, and Rome. He had finished his task and paid the debt; but his life work was over.

He returned to his dear home at Abbotsford, and at the sight of its familiar scenes he sprang up with a cry of delight. "I have seen much," he kept saying as they wheeled him through the rooms, "but nothing like my ain house; give me one turn more."

14. It was on a beautiful mild day in the September of 1832, and in that dear home, surrounded by those whom

he loved, that Sir Walter Scott breathed his last. He was laid by the side of his wife at Dryburgh Abbey, in the border country his pen had made famous; and travelers from all parts of the world visit his home and last resting-place.

The city of Edinburgh contains a beautiful monument to his memory. There, in the very heart of the city, he sits upon a marble throne, under a canopy of carven stone,—a tribute to his great genius and his pure, noble character.

WALTER RALEIGH MEETS QUEEN ELIZABETH.

By SIR WALTER SCOTT.

From "Kenilworth."

pěn'si^(sh)ón ěřs
à ĝl'ĩ tỹ

líěĝe'měn
ĩn tū' ĩ tĩve lỹ

1. THE royal barge, manned with the queen's watermen richly attired in the regal liveries, and having the banner of England displayed, lay at the great stairs which ascended from the river.

The yeomen of the guard, the tallest and most handsome men whom England could produce, guarded the passage from the palace gate to the riverside, and all

seemed in readiness for the queen's coming forth, although the day was yet so early.

Walter Raleigh caused the boat to be pulled toward a landing-place at some distance from the principal one, which it would not, at that moment, have been thought respectful to approach, and jumped on shore, followed, though with reluctance, by his cautious and timid companions.

As they approached the gate of the palace, one of the sergeant porters told them they could not at present enter, as Her Majesty was in the act of coming forth.

2. "Nay, I told you as much before," said Blount; "do, I pray you, my dear Walter, let us take boat and return."

"Not till I see the queen come forth," returned the youth composedly.

"Thou art mad, stark mad!" answered Blount.

"And thou," said Walter, "art turned coward of the sudden. Thou wouldst blink and go back to shun the frown of a fair lady!"

At this moment the gates opened, and ushers began to issue forth in array, preceded and flanked by the band of Gentlemen Pensioners. After this, amid a crowd of lords and ladies, yet so disposed around her that she could see and be seen on all sides, came Elizabeth herself, then in the prime of womanhood and in the full glow of

what in a sovereign was called beauty. She leaned on the arm of Lord Hunsdon.

3. The young cavalier had probably never yet approached so near the person of his sovereign, and he pressed forward as far as the line of warders permitted, in order to avail himself of the present opportunity.

His companion, on the contrary, kept pulling him backward, till Walter shook him off impatiently, and let his rich cloak drop carelessly from one shoulder, — a natural action which served, however, to display to the best advantage his well-proportioned person.

Unbonneting at the same time, Raleigh fixed his eager gaze on the queen's approach with a mixture of respectful curiosity and modest yet ardent admiration, which suited so well his fine features that the warders, struck with his rich attire and noble countenance, suffered him to approach the ground over which the queen was to pass somewhat closer than was permitted to ordinary spectators.

4. Thus the adventurous youth stood full in Elizabeth's eye — an eye never indifferent to the admiration which she deservedly excited among her subjects or to the fair proportions of external form which chanced to distinguish any of her courtiers.

Accordingly, she fixed her keen glance on the youth as she approached the place where he stood, with a look



RALEIGH SPREADS HIS CLOAK FOR THE QUEEN TO WALK UPON.

in which surprise at his boldness seemed to be unmingled with resentment, while a trifling accident happened which attracted her attention toward him yet more strongly.

The night had been rainy, and just where the young gentleman stood, a small quantity of mud interrupted the queen's passage. As she hesitated to pass on, the gallant, throwing his cloak from his shoulders, laid it on the miry spot so as to insure her stepping over it dry-shod.

Elizabeth looked at the young man, who accompanied this act of devoted courtesy with a profound reverence and a blush that overspread his whole countenance.

5. The queen was confused and blushed in her turn, nodded her head, hastily passed on, and embarked in her barge without saying a word.

"Come along, Sir Coxcomb," said Blount ; "your gay cloak will need the brush to-day, I wot."

"This cloak," said the youth, taking it up and folding it, "shall never be brushed while in my possession."

"And that will not be long if you learn not a little more economy."

6. Their discourse was here interrupted by one of the Band of Pensioners.

"I was sent," said he, after looking at them attentively, "to a gentleman who hath no cloak, or a muddy one. You, sir, I think," addressing the younger cavalier, "are the man ; you will please to follow me."

"He is in attendance on me," said Blount, "on me, the noble Earl of Sussex's master of horse."

"I have nothing to say to that," answered the messenger ; "my orders are directly from Her Majesty and concern this gentleman only."

So saying, he walked away, followed by Walter, leaving the others behind, Blount's eyes almost starting from his head with the excess of his astonishment. At length he gave vent to it in an exclamation : "Who would have thought this ?" And, shaking his head with a mysterious

air, he walked to his own boat, embarked, and returned to Deptford.

7. The young cavalier was in the meanwhile guided to the water side by the Pensioner, who showed him considerable respect. He ushered him into one of the wherries which lay ready to attend the queen's barge, which was already proceeding up the river.

The two rowers used their oars with such expedition at the signal of the Gentleman Pensioner that they very soon brought their little skiff under the stern of the queen's boat, where she sat beneath an awning, attended by two or three ladies and the nobles of her household.

She looked more than once at the wherry in which the young adventurer was seated, spoke to those around her, and seemed to laugh.

8. At length one of the attendants, by the queen's order apparently, made a sign for the wherry to come alongside, and the young man was desired to step from his own skiff into the queen's barge, which he performed with graceful agility at the fore part of the boat, and was brought aft to the queen's presence, the wherry at the same time dropping into the rear.

The youth underwent the gaze of Her Majesty not the less gracefully that his self-possession was mingled with embarrassment. The muddied cloak still hung upon his

arm and formed the natural topic with which the queen introduced the conversation.

9. "You have this day spoiled a gay mantle in our service, young man. We thank you for your service, though the manner of offering it was unusual and something bold."

"In a sovereign's need," answered the youth, "it is each liegeman's duty to be bold."

"Indeed, that was well said, my lord," said the queen, turning to a grave person who sat by her and answered with a grave inclination of the head.

"Well, young man, your gallantry shall not go unrewarded. Go to the wardrobe keeper and he shall have orders to supply the suit which you have cast away in our service. Thou shalt have a suit, and that of the newest cut, I promise thee, on the word of a princess."

10. "May it please your grace," said Walter hesitatingly, "it is not for so humble a servant of Your Majesty to measure out your bounties ; but if it became me to choose—"

"Thou wouldst have gold, I warrant me," said the queen, interrupting him ; "fie, young man ! I take shame to say that in our capital such and so various are the means of thriftless folly that to give gold to youth is giving fuel to fire and furnishing them with the means of self-destruction. If I live and reign, these means of

unchristian excess shall be abridged. Yet thou mayest be poor," she added, "or thy parents may be; it shall be gold if thou wilt, but thou shalt answer to me for the use on 't."

11. Walter waited patiently until the queen had done and then modestly assured her that gold was still less in his wish than the raiment Her Majesty had before offered.

"How, boy!" said the queen, "neither gold nor garment? What is it thou wouldst have of me, then?"

"Only permission, madam — if it is not asking too high an honor — to wear the cloak which did you this trifling service."

"Permission to wear thine own cloak, thou silly boy?" said the queen.

"It is no longer mine," said Walter; "when Your Majesty's foot touched it it became a fit mantle for a prince, but far too rich a one for its former owner."

12. The queen again blushed, and endeavored to cover by laughing a slight degree of not unpleasing surprise and confusion.

"Heard you ever the like, my lords? The youth's head is turned with reading romances. I must know something of him that I may send him safe to his friends. What art thou?"

"Raleigh is my name, most gracious queen, the youngest son of a large but honorable family of Devonshire."

"Raleigh?" said Elizabeth, after a moment's recollection; "have we not heard of your service in Ireland?"

"I have been so fortunate as to do some service there, madam," replied Raleigh; "scarce, however, of consequence sufficient to reach Your Grace's ears."

13. "They hear farther than you think of," said the queen graciously, "and have heard of a youth who defended a ford in Shannon against a whole band of rebels until the stream ran purple with their blood and his own."

"Some blood I may have lost," said the youth, looking down; "but it was where my best is due, and that is in Your Majesty's service."

The queen paused and then said hastily: "You are very young to have fought so well and to speak so well. So hark ye, Master Raleigh, see thou fail not to wear thy muddy cloak till our pleasure be further known. And here," she added, giving him a jewel of gold in the form of a chessman, "I give thee this to wear at the collar."

14. Raleigh knelt, and, as he took from her hand the jewel, kissed the fingers which gave it.

He knew how to mingle the devotion claimed by the queen with the gallantry due to her personal beauty. In this, his first attempt to unite them, he succeeded so well as at once to gratify Elizabeth's personal vanity and her love of power.

LINCOLN'S GETTYSBURG SPEECH.

1. WHEN Abraham Lincoln had gained the people's ear, men noticed that he scarcely made a speech or wrote a state paper in which there was not an illustration or a quotation from the Bible. He had been thoroughly instructed in it by his mother.

It was the one book always found in the pioneer's cabin, and to that, being a woman of deep religious feeling, she turned for sympathy and guidance. Out of it she taught her boy to spell and read, and with its poetry, histories, and principles she so familiarized him that they always influenced his subsequent life.

2. In the good President's religious faith two leading ideas were prominent from first to last, — man's helplessness, both as to strength and wisdom, and God's helpfulness in both.

To 'a friend who anxiously asked him in the dark days of 1862, "Do you think we shall succeed?" he said, "I believe our cause is just; I believe that we shall conquer in the end. I should be very glad to take my neck out of the yoke and go back to my old home and my old life at Springfield. But it has pleased Almighty God to place me in this position; and, looking up to Him for support, I must discharge my destiny as best I can."

3. The words of Lincoln seemed to grow more clear and more remarkable as he approached the end. His last inaugural was characterized by a solemn, religious tone, peculiarly free from earthly passion. Listen to his words :

“With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in, to bind up the nation’s wounds, to care for him who shall have borne the battle and for his widow and orphans, to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and a lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations.”

4. Perhaps in no language, ancient or modern, are any number of words found more touching and eloquent than his speech of November 19, 1863, at the Gettysburg dedication.

After Edward Everett had delivered his masterly oration, President Lincoln rose and read the following brief address :

“Fourscore and seven years ago our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. We are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation — or any nation so conceived and so dedicated — can long endure.

5. “We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We are met to dedicate a portion of that field as a final

resting-place of those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

“But, in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here have consecrated it far above our power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember, what we say here; but it can never forget what they did here.

6. “It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they have thus far so nobly carried on. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us; that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they here gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation shall, under God, have a new birth of freedom; and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.”

7. The audience admired Everett's long oration, but at Mr. Lincoln's few and simple words they cheered, and sobbed and wept. When the President had ended he turned and congratulated the distinguished orator from the Old Bay State on having succeeded so well.

Mr. Everett replied with a truthful and real compli-

ment: "Ah, Mr. Lincoln, how gladly would I exchange all my hundred pages to have been the author of your twenty lines."

Time has tested the strength of this short, simple address. After more than one-third of a century, its glowing sentences are as familiar to the American people as household words.

THE LORD OF BUTRAGO.

Translated from the Spanish

By JOHN C. LOCKHART.

"YOUR horse is faint, my king, my lord! your gallant
horse is sick, —

His limbs are torn, his breast is gored, on his eye the film
is thick ;

Mount, mount on mine, oh, mount apace, I pray thee,
mount and fly!

Or in my arms I'll lift your grace. Their trampling
hoofs are nigh!

"My king, my king! you're wounded sore, — the blood
runs from your feet ;

But only lay a hand before, and I'll lift you to your
seat ;

Mount, Juan, for they gather fast! — I hear their coming
cry, —

Mount, mount and ride for jeopardy — I'll save you,
though I die!

“Nay, never speak; my sires, Lord King, received their
land from yours,

And joyfully their blood shall spring, so be it thine secures;
If I should fly, and thou, my king, be found among the
dead,

How could I stand 'mong gentlemen, such scorn on my
gray head.

“Castile's proud dames shall never point the finger of
disdain,

And say: 'There's one who ran away when our good
lords were slain!'

I leave Diego in your care; you'll fill his father's place;
Strike, strike the spur and never spare! God's blessing
on your grace!”

So spake the brave Montanez, Butrago's lord was he;
And turned him to the coming host in steadfastness and
glee;

He flung himself among them as they came down the hill —
He died, God wot! but not before his sword had drunk
its fill.

DEATH OF JACKANAPES.

By JULIANA H. EWING.

THE following extract is another selection from Mrs. Ewing's "Jackanapes."

prěj'û dĭce

cŭn grăt ŭ lă'tiōn_(sh)

ĭn vŏl'ŭn tă rŷ

tăç ĭ tŭr'nĭ tŷ

1. THE General's death was a great shock to Miss Jessamine, and her nephew stayed with her for some little time after the funeral. Then he was obliged to join his regiment which was ordered abroad.

One effect of the conquest which the General had gained over the affections of the village was a considerable abatement of the popular prejudice against "the military."

Indeed, the village was now somewhat importantly represented in the army. There was the General himself and the postman and the Black Captain's tablet in the church and Jackanapes and Tony Johnson and a trumpeter.

2. Tony Johnson had no more natural taste for fighting than for riding, but he was devoted to Jackanapes. And that was how it came about that Mr. Johnson bought him a commission in the same cavalry regiment that the

General's grandson (whose commission had been given him by the Iron Duke) was in; and that he was quite content to be the butt of the mess where Jackanapes was the hero.

When Jackanapes wrote home to Miss Jessamine, Tony wrote with the same purpose to his mother, — namely, to demand her congratulations that they were on active service at last and were ordered to the front.

And he added a postscript to the effect that she could have no idea how popular Jackanapes was, nor how splendidly he rode the wonderful red charger which he had named after his old friend Lollo.

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3. When the smoke in front lifted for a moment, the boy trumpeter could see the plain and the enemy's line some two hundred yards away. And across the plain between them he saw Master Jackanapes galloping alone at the top of Lollo's speed, their faces to the enemy, his golden head at Lollo's ear.

But at this moment noise and smoke seemed to burst out on every side; the officer shouted to him to sound *Retire!* and between trumpeting and bumping about on his horse he saw and heard no more of the incidents of his first battle.

Tony Johnson was always unlucky with horses from the days of the giddy-go-round onwards. On this day —

of all days in the year — his own horse was on the sick list and he had to ride an inferior beast and fell off that at the very moment when it was a matter of life or death to be able to ride away. The horse fell on him, but struggled up again, and Tony managed to keep hold of it.

4. It was in trying to remount that he discovered, by helplessness and anguish, that one of his legs was crushed and broken, and that no feat of which he was master would get him into the saddle.

Not able even to stand alone, awkwardly, agonizingly, unable to mount his restive horse, his life was yet so strong within him! On one side of him rolled the dust and smoke cloud of his advancing foes, and on the other that which covered his retreating friends.

He turned one piteous gaze after them with a bitter twinge, not of reproach, but of loneliness; and then, dragging himself up by the side of his horse, he turned the other way and drew out his pistol and waited for the end. Whether he waited seconds or minutes he never knew before some one gripped him by the arm.

“Jackanapes! God bless you! It’s my left leg. If you could get me on —”

5. It was like Tony’s luck that his pistol went off at his horse’s tail and made it plunge; but Jackanapes threw him across the saddle.



JACKANAPES SAVES TONY.

“Hold on anyhow and stick your spur in. I’ll lead him. Keep your head down; they’re firing high.”

And Jackanapes laid his head down — to Lollo’s ear.

It was when they were fairly off that a sudden upspringing of the enemy in all directions had made it necessary to change the gradual retirement of our force into as rapid a retreat as possible.

And when Jackanapes became aware of this, and felt the lagging and swerving of Tony’s horse, he began to wish he had thrown his friend across his own saddle and left their lives to Lollo.

When Tony became aware of it several things came into his head: that the dangers of their ride for life were

now more than doubled; that if Jackanapes and Lollo were not burdened with him they would undoubtedly escape; that Jackanapes' life was infinitely valuable, and his—Tony's—was not; and that if he could be courageous and unselfish now—

6. He caught at his own reins and spoke very loud:

"Jackanapes! It won't do. You and Lollo must go on. Tell the fellows I gave you back to them with all my heart. Jackanapes, if you love me, leave me!"

There was a daffodil light over the evening sky in front of them, and it shone strangely on Jackanapes' hair and face. He turned with an odd look in his eyes that a vainer man than Tony Johnson might have taken for brotherly pride. Then he shook his head and laughed at him.

"Leave you? To save my skin? No, Tony, not to save my soul!"

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7. Coming out of a hospital tent, at headquarters, the surgeon cannoned against and rebounded from another officer,—a sallow man, not young, with a face worn more by ungentle experiences than by age, with weary eyes that kept their own counsel, iron-gray hair, and a mustache that was as if a raven had laid its wing across his lips and sealed them.

"Well?"

"Beg pardon, Major. Did n't see you. Oh, compound fracture and bruises. But it's all right; he'll pull through."

"Thank God."

8. It was probably an involuntary expression; for prayer and praise were not much in the Major's line, as a jerk of the surgeon's head would have betrayed to an observer.

He was a bright little man with his feelings showing all over him, but with gallantry and contempt of death enough for both sides of his profession, who took a cool head, a white handkerchief, and a case of instruments where other men went hot-blooded with weapons, and who was the biggest gossip of the regiment. Not even the Major's taciturnity daunted him.

9. "Did n't think he'd as much pluck about him as he has. He'll do all right if he does n't fret himself into a fever about poor Jackanapes."

"Whom are you talking about?" asked the Major, hoarsely.

"Young Johnson. He—"

"What about Jackanapes?"

"Don't you know? Sad business. Rode back for Johnson and brought him in; but, monstrous ill luck, hit as they rode. Left lung —"

"Will he recover?"

"No. Sad business. What a frame — what limbs — what health — and what good looks! Finest young fellow —"

"Where is he?"

"In his own tent," said the surgeon, sadly.

The Major wheeled and left him.

.

10. "Can I do anything else for you?"

"Nothing, thank you. Except — Major! I wish I could get you to appreciate Johnson."

"This is not an easy moment, Jackanapes."

"Let me tell you, sir — he never will — that if he could have driven me from him he would be lying yonder at this moment and I should be safe and sound."

The Major laid his hand over his mouth as if to keep back a wish he would have been ashamed to utter.

"I've known old Tony from a child. He's a fool on impulse, a good man and a gentleman in principle. And he acts on principle. He's no fire-eater, but he has a trained conscience and a tender heart, and he'll do his duty when a braver and more selfish man might fail you. But he wants encouragement; and when I'm gone —"

11. "He shall have encouragement. You have my word for it. Can I do nothing else?"

"Yes, Major. A favor."

"Thank you, Jackanapes."

"Be Lollo's master, and love him as well as you can. He's used to it."

"While I live — which will be longer than I desire or deserve — Lollo shall want nothing — but — you."

"No, stay — Major!"

"What? What?"

12. "Say a prayer by me. Out loud, please; I am getting deaf."

"My dearest Jackanapes — my dear boy —"

"Please," whispered Jackanapes.

Pressed by the conviction that what little he could do it was his duty to do, the Major, kneeling, bared his head and spoke loudly, clearly, and very reverently:

"The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ —"

Jackanapes moved his left hand to his right one, which still held the Major's —

"The love of God —"

And with that — Jackanapes died.

WASHINGTON'S ADDRESS TO HIS TROOPS.

Before the Battle of Long Island, 1776.

THE Battle of Long Island took place August 27, 1776. It was lost, and the American Army was obliged to retreat. The defeat was largely due to the carelessness of General Putnam, who did not place a guard at all the passes as Washington had ordered him to do.

Instead of sending word to Washington when he learned that the British were coming, he sent a few troops to meet their large army, and they were driven back or made prisoners.

If General Howe of the British Army had been on the alert, he might have captured General Washington and his whole force; but Washington watched his opportunity, and retreated in good order.

Īn'fā moŭs mēr'çē nā rŷ Īn tīm'ī dāte

1. THE time is now near at hand which must probably determine whether Americans are to be free men or slaves; whether they are to have any property they can call their own; whether their houses and farms are to be pillaged and destroyed and themselves consigned to a state of wretchedness from which no human efforts will deliver them.

2. The fate of unborn millions will now depend, under God, on the courage and conduct of this army. Our cruel and unrelenting enemy leaves us only the choice of a brave resistance or the most abject submission. We have, therefore, to resolve to conquer or to die.

Our own, our country's honor, calls upon us for a vigorous and manly exertion; and if we now shamefully fail we shall become infamous to the whole world.

Let us, then, rely on the goodness of our cause and the aid of the Supreme Being, in whose hand victory is, to animate and encourage us to great and noble actions.

3. The eyes of all our countrymen are now upon us, and we shall have their blessings and praises if, happily, we are the instruments of saving them from the tyranny meditated against them.

Let us animate and encourage each other and show the whole world that a free man contending for liberty on his own ground is superior to any slavish mercenary on earth.

4. Liberty, property, life, and honor are all at stake; upon your courage and conduct rest the hopes of our bleeding and insulted country. Our wives, children, and parents expect safety from us alone, and they have every reason to believe that Heaven will crown with success so just a cause.

The enemy will endeavor to intimidate by show and appearance; but, remember, they have been repulsed on various occasions by a few brave Americans. Every good soldier will be silent and attentive — wait for orders and reserve his fire until he is sure of doing execution.

HEIGHO, MY DEARIE.

By EUGENE FIELD.

From "With Trumpet and Drum," published by Charles Scribner's Sons.
Copyright, 1892, by Mary French Field.

A MOONBEAM floateth from the skies,
Whispering, "Heigho, my dearie,
I would spin a web before your eyes —
A beautiful web of silver light,
Wherein is many a wondrous sight
Of a radiant garden leagues away,
Where the softly tinkling lilies sway,
And the snow-white lambkins are at play —
Heigho, my dearie."

A brownie stealeth from the vine,
Singing, "Heigho, my dearie;
And will you hear this song of mine —
A song of the land of murk and mist
Where bideth the bud the dew hath kissed?
Then let the moonbeam's web of light
Be spun before thee silvery white,
And I shall sing the livelong night —
Heigho, my dearie!"

The night wind speedeth from the sea,
Murmuring, "Heigho, my dearie,
I bring a mariner's prayer for thee.

So let the moonbeam veil thine eyes,
 And the brownie sing thee lullabies;
 But I shall rock thee to and fro,
 Kissing the brow he loveth so,
 And the prayer shall guard thy bed I trow —
 Heigho, my dearie !”

THE LIGHT-BORN MESSENGER.

By HALL CAINE.

NAOMI was a beautiful Jewish girl who had been blind all her life. Her mother was dead and she and her father had been treated unkindly by their people. Learning from the sound of her father's voice one day that he was suffering and in danger, her eyes suddenly received their sight. Israel, her father, was banished from his home by wicked men; but he found a little cottage far away from their old home where they might live in peace. This extract, taken from "The Scapegoat," tells how she learned to see.

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1. AT that moment God wrought a mighty work, a wondrous change, such as He has brought to pass but twice or thrice since men were born blind into His world of light. In an instant, at a thought, by one spontaneous

flash, as if the spirit of the girl tore down the dark curtains which had hung seventeen years over the windows of her eyes, Naomi saw !

She was like a creature born afresh, a radiant and joyful being, newly awakened into a world of strange sights. But it was not at once that she fell upon this pleasure.

Throughout the day whereon the last of her great gifts came to her, when they were cast out of Tetuan, and while they walked hand in hand through the country until they lit upon their home, she had kept her eyes steadfastly closed.

2. The light terrified her. It penetrated her delicate lids and gave her pain. When for a moment she lifted her lashes and saw the trees she put out her hand as if to push them away, and when she saw the sky she raised her arms as if to hold it off.

Everything seemed to touch her eyes. The bars of sunlight seemed to smite them. Not until the falling of darkness did her fears subside and her spirits revive. Throughout the day that followed she sat constantly in the gloom of the blackest corner of their hut.

3. But this was only her baptism of light on coming out of a world of darkness, just as her fear of the voices of the earth and air had been her baptism of sound on coming out of a land of silence. Within three days afterward her terror began to give place to joy, and from

that time forward the world was full of wonder to her opened eyes.

Then sweet and beautiful beyond all dreams of fancy were her amazement and delight in every little thing that lay about her, — the grass, the weeds, the poorest flower that blew, even the rude implements of the house and the common stones that worked up through the mould, — all old and familiar to her fingers, but new and strange to her eyes, and marvelous as if an angel out of heaven had dropped them down to her.

4. For many days after the coming of her sight she continued to recognize everything by touch and sound. Thus, one morning early in their life in the cottage, and early also in the day, after Israel had kissed her on the eyelids to awaken her, she opened her eyes and gazed up at him as he stooped above her.

She looked puzzled for an instant, being still in the mists of sleep, and only when she had closed her eyes again and put out her hand to touch him did her face brighten with recognition and her lips utter his name. "My father," she murmured; "my father."

5. Thus again the same day, not an hour afterward, she came running back to the house from the grass bank in front of it, holding a flower in her hand and asking a world of questions concerning it in her broken, lisping, pretty speech.

Why had no one told her that there were flowers that could see? Here was one which while she looked upon it had opened its beautiful eye and laughed at her. "What is it?" she asked; "what is it?"

"A daisy, my child," Israel answered.

"A daisy!" she cried in bewilderment; and during the short hush and quick inspiration that followed, she closed her eyes and passed her nervous fingers rapidly over the little ring of sprinkled spears and then said very softly, with head aslant as if ashamed, "Oh, yes, so it is; it is only a daisy."

6. But to tell of how those first days of sight sped along for Naomi, with what delight of ever-fresh surprise and joy of new wonder, would be a long task, if a beautiful one.

They were some miles inside the coast, but from the little hilltop near at hand they could see it clearly. One day when Naomi had gone so far with her father she drew up suddenly at his side and cried in a breathless voice of awe, "The sky! the sky! Look! It has fallen onto the land."

"That is the sea, my child," said Israel.

"The sea!" she cried, and then she closed her eyes and listened, and then opened them and blushed and said, while her knitted brows smoothed out and her beautiful face looked aside: "So it is; yes, it is the sea."

7. Throughout that day and the night which followed it, the eyes of her mind were entranced by the marvel of that vision, and next morning she mounted the hill alone to look upon it again.

She walked farther and yet farther, wandering on and on and on as though drawn by the enchantment of the mighty deep that lay sparkling in the sun, until at last she came to the head of a deep gully in the coast.

Still the wonder of the waters held her, but another marvel now seized upon her sight. The gully was a lonesome place, inhabited by countless sea birds. From high up in the rocks above and from far down in the chasm below, from every cleft on every side they flew out with white wings and black ones and gray and blue, and sent their voices into the air until the echoing place seemed to shriek and yell.

8. It was midday when Naomi reached this spot and she sat there a long hour. And when she returned to her father she told him stories of demons that lived in thousands by the sea and fought in the air and killed each other. "And see!" she cried, "look at this, and this, and this!"

Then Israel glanced at the wrecks she had brought with her of the warfare that she had witnessed. "And this," said he, lifting one of them, "is a sea bird's feather,

and this," lifting another, "is a sea bird's egg, and this," lifting the third, "is a dead sea bird itself."

9. Once more Naomi knit her brows in thought, and again she closed her eyes and touched the familiar things wherein her sight had deceived her. "Ah, yes," she said meekly, looking into her father's eyes with a smile, "they are only that, after all." And then she said very quietly, as if speaking to herself, "What a long time it is before you learn to see!"

One early evening, when she had remained out of the house until the day was well-nigh done, she came back in a wild ecstasy to tell of angels that she had just seen in the sky. They were in robes of crimson and scarlet, their wings blazed like fire, they swept across the clouds in multitudes and went down behind the world together, passing thus out of the earth through the gates of heaven.

10. Israel listened to her and said, "That was the sunset, my child. Every morning the sun rises and every night it sets."

Then she looked full into his face and blushed. Her shame at her sweet errors sometimes conquered her joy in the new heritage of sight, and Israel heard her whisper to herself and say, "After all, the eyes are deceitful." Vision was life's new language, and she had yet to learn it.

But not for long was her delight in the beautiful things of the world to be damped by any thought of herself. Nay, the best and rarest part of it, the dearest and most delicious throb it brought her, came of herself alone.

11. On another early day Israel took her to the coast and pushed off with her on the waters in a boat. The air was still, the sea was smooth, the sun was shining, and save for one white scarf of cloud, the sky was blue.

They were sailing in a tiny bay that was broken by a little island which lay in the midst like a ruby in a ring, covered with heather and long stalks of seeding grass. Through whispering beds of rushes they glided on and floated over white lilies that swayed between round leaves of green and gold and purple.

It was a morning of God's own making, and, for joy of its loveliness no less than of her own bounding life, Naomi rose in the boat and opened her lips and arms to the breeze while it played with the rippling currents of her hair, as if she would drink and embrace it.

12. At that moment a new and dearer wonder came to her. For, tracing with her eyes the shadow of the cliff and of the cloud that sailed double in two seas of blue, she leaned over the side of the boat and then saw the reflection of another and lovelier vision.

"Father," she cried with alarm, "a face in the water! Look! Look!"

“It is your own, my child,” said Israel.

“Mine!” she cried.

“The reflection of your face,” said Israel; “the light and the water make it.”

13. The marvel was hard to understand. There was



NAOMI'S FIRST GLIMPSE OF HER OWN FACE.

something ghostly in this thing that was she and yet not she, this face that looked up at her and laughed and yet made no voice. She leaned back in the boat and asked Israel if it was still in the water.

But when at length she had grasped the mystery, the artlessness of her joy was charming. She was like a child in her delight, and like a woman that was still a

child in her unconscious love of her own loveliness. Whenever the boat was at rest she leaned over its bulwark and gazed down into the blue depths.

"How beautiful!" she cried, "how beautiful!"

14. She clapped her hands and looked again, and there in the still water was the wonder of her dancing eyes. "Oh! how very beautiful!" she cried without lifting her face, and when she saw her lips move as she spoke and her sunny hair fall about her restless head, she laughed and laughed again with a heart of glee.

Israel looked on for some moments at this sweet picture.

"Live on like a child always, little one," he thought; "be a child as long as you can, be a child forever, my dove, my darling! Never did the world suffer it that I myself should be a child at all."

THE LITTLE LAND.

By ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

WHEN at home alone I sit
 And am very tired of it,
 I have just to shut my eyes
 To go sailing through the skies—
 To go sailing far away
 To the pleasant land of play;
 To the fairyland afar
 Where the little people are;
 Where the clover tops are trees,
 And the rain pools are the seas,
 And the leaves, like little ships,
 Sail about on tiny trips;
 And above the daisy tree,
 Through the grasses,
 High o'erhead the bumblebee
 Hums and passes.

In that forest to and fro
 I can wander, I can go;
 See the spider and the fly
 And the ants go marching by,
 Carrying parcels with their feet
 Down the green and mossy street.

I can in the sorrel sit
Where the ladybird alit.
I can climb the jointed grass;
And on high
See the greater swallows pass
In the sky,
And the round sun rolling by,
Heeding no such things as I.

Through that forest I can pass
Till, as in a looking-glass,
Humming fly and daisy tree
And my tiny self I see,
Painted very clear and neat
On the rain pool at my feet.
Should a leaflet come to land,
Drifting near to where I stand,
Straight I board that tiny boat
Round the rain pool sea to float.

Little thoughtful creatures sit
On the grassy coasts of it;
Little things with lovely eyes
See me sailing with surprise.
Some are clad in armor green —
These have sure to battle been! —

Some are pied with every hue,
 Black and crimson, gold and blue ;
 Some have wings and swift are gone ;
 But they all look kindly on.

When my eyes I once again
 Open and see all things plain, —
 High bare walls, great bare floor,
 Great big knobs on drawer and door ;
 Great big people perched on chairs,
 Stitching tucks and mending tears,
 Each a hill that I could climb,
 And talking nonsense all the time, —
 O dear me,
 That I could be
 A sailor on the rain pool sea,
 A climber in the clover tree,
 And just come back, a sleepy head,
 Late at night to go to bed.

ROLF'S LEAP.

By GEORGINA M. CRAIK.

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1. "WHAT, you 're making friends with my old Rolf, are you, boys? Dear old Rolf!" said Uncle Dick; and at the sound of his voice away broke Rolf from the two lads, sending them right and left like a couple of ninepins, and, bounding forward, lame leg and all, had got his faithful head in another moment pressed against his master's side and was lustily wagging his tail.

"That's my good old dog!" said Uncle Dick, and stroked his favorite's shaggy back and shook the paw that Rolf kept solemnly presenting for his acceptance at least a dozen times over.

"He has been going on with such fun,—licking our faces and putting his paws on our shoulders; and he rolled Tommy right over on the grass," said Will, the elder of the two boys. "Tommy tried to get on his back and he did n't like it and tumbled him off."

2. "Of course he did n't like it," said Uncle Dick. "You would n't like to have anybody get on your back if you were lame in one leg; at least, I know I should n't."

I'd tumble him off fast enough. Tommy may do anything else he likes, but he must n't make Rolf carry him."

The two boys and Uncle Dick began to walk round the garden, and they came to take shelter at last in the arbor.

"You've got fine red cheeks, boys," said Uncle Dick, "and two pairs of sturdy legs. Rolf and I would like to be able to jump about like you, but our jumping days are over. Not but that Rolf took a finer leap once than either of you lads have ever done yet," said Uncle Dick, after a moment or two, and stooped down to pat his favorite's great head.

"A noble leap, was n't it, my old dog?" he said; and Rolf looked up with his gentle eyes, being too sleepy to say much.

The boys had sat down to rest; and so Will said: "Tell us what sort of a leap Rolf took, Uncle Dick."

3. "We were both of us younger than we are now," he said, "when Rolf and I first came together. Rolf was a puppy. It was just when I was going out to Africa that some one gave Rolf to me. 'He comes of a fine stock, and if he proves as good a dog as his father you won't part with him at the end of a year for a trifle,' my friend said.

"I soon found that he was right, for, I tell you, boys, by the year's end I would n't have parted with him, not

if I had parted with my last shilling, and I'd been asked to sell him for a thousand pounds.

4. "Ah, you're laughing, I see. You think I'm speaking in fun. Not a bit of it! Listen to my story and when I get to the end of it you shall laugh, if you like.

"I went out with my regiment to Africa to the Cape of Good Hope. I stayed there for four years, and they were as happy years, on the whole, as I ever spent anywhere. I saw a great number of new things in the course of them and I made a great number of very kind friends.

"We weren't very hard worked out there, and many a pleasant expedition did I have of a few days up country or along the coast, sometimes with a companion, sometimes alone with only my horse and old Rolf. I shall never forget some of those little excursions, for it was in the course of one of them that Rolf took his leap.

5. "I had been riding for five or six miles one pleasant afternoon. It was just hot enough to make the thought of a swim delicious; so after I had been riding leisurely along for some little time I alighted from my horse and, letting him loose to graze, lay down for a quarter of an hour to cool myself and then began to make ready for my plunge.

"I was standing on a little ledge of cliff some six or seven feet above the sea. It was high tide and the water

at my feet was about a fathom deep. 'I shall have a delightful swim,' I thought to myself as I threw off my coat.

"Just at that moment Rolf in a very excited way flung himself upon me, evidently understanding the meaning of the proceeding. I repeated the remark aloud. 'Yes, we'll have a delightful swim, you and I together,' I said. 'A grand swim, my old lad'; and I clapped his back as I spoke and encouraged him, as I was in the habit of doing, to express his feelings without reserve.

6. "But, rather to my surprise, instead of wagging his tail and wrinkling his nose and performing any of his usual antics, the creature only lifted up his face and began to whine.

"He had lain for the quarter of an hour, while I had been resting, at the edge of the little cliff with his head dropped over it; but whether he had been taking a sleep in that position or had been amusing himself by watching the waves was more than I knew.

"'What's the matter, old fellow?' I said to him when he set up this dismal howl. 'Don't you want to have a swim? Well, you need n't unless you like, only I mean to have one; so down with you and let me get my clothes off.'

7. "But instead of getting down, the creature began to conduct himself in the strangest way, first seizing me by

the trousers with his teeth and pulling me to the edge of the rock as if he wanted me to plunge in dressed as I was, then catching me again and dragging me back, much as though I were a big rat that he was trying to worry.

"This pantomime, I declare, he went through three separate times, barking and whining all the while, till I began to think he was going out of his mind.

"At last I got out of patience with the beast. I could n't conceive what he meant. For two or three minutes I tried to pacify him, and so long as I took no further steps to remove my clothes, he was willing to be pacified; but the instant I fell to undressing myself he was on me once more, pulling me this way and that, hanging on my arms, and howling with his mouth up in the air.

"At last I lost my temper and I snatched up my gun and struck him with the butt end of it.

8. "He was quieter after I had struck him," said Uncle Dick, after a little pause. "For a few moments he lay quite still at my feet, and I had begun to think that he was going to give me no more trouble, when, all at once, just as I had got ready to jump into the water, the creature sprang to his feet and flung himself upon me again. He threw himself with all his might upon my breast and drove me backwards.

"I imagined the poor beast was trying for some reason of his own to have his own way. I thought it was my business to teach him that he was not to have his own way, but that I was to have mine; and so I struck him three or four times with the end of my gun till at last I freed myself from him.

9. "He gave a cry when he fell back. I call it a cry, for it was more like something human than a dog's howl, — something so wild and pathetic that, angry as I was, it startled me. I think if time enough had been given me I would have made some last attempt then to understand what the creature meant.

"I was standing a few feet in from the water, and as soon as I had shaken him off he went to the edge of the bit of cliff and stood there for a moment till I came up to him, and then — just as in another second I should have jumped into the sea — my brave dog, my noble dog, gave one last whine and one look into my face and took the leap before me.

"And then, boys, in another instant I saw what he had meant. He had scarcely touched the water when I saw a crocodile slip like lightning from a sunny ledge of the cliff and seize him by the hind legs.

10. "You know that I had my gun close at hand, and in the whole course of my life I never was so glad to have my gun beside me. It was loaded, too, and a

revolver. I caught it up and fired into the water. I fired three times and two of the shots went into the brute's head.

"One missed him, and the first seemed not to harm him much, but the third hit him in some vital place, I hope, — some sensitive place, at any rate, for the hideous jaws started wide.

"Then I began with all my might to shout out 'Rolf!' I could n't leave my post, for the brute, though he had let Rolf go and had dived for a moment, might make another spring, and I did n't dare to take my eyes off the spot where he had gone down.

11. "I called to my wounded beast with all my might, and when he had struggled through the water and gained a moment's hold of the rock I jumped down and caught him, and half carried, half dragged him up the little bit of steep ascent till we were safe on the dry land again. And then — I — I forgot for a moment or two that I was a man at all and burst out crying like a child.

"He licked the tears off my cheeks, my poor old fellow, I remember that. We looked a strange pair, I dare say, as we lay on the ground together with our heads side by side.

12. "When I had come to my senses a little I had to try to get my poor Rolf moved. We were a long way from any house, and the creature could n't walk a step. I tore up my shirt and bound his wounds as well as I

could, then I put on my clothes and called to my horse, and in some way, as gently as I could, I got him and myself together upon the horse's back, and we began our ride.

"There was a village about four or five miles off, and I made for that. It was a long, hard jolt for a poor fellow with both his hind legs broken, but he bore it patiently. I never spoke to him, but, panting as he was, he was ready to lick my hands and look lovingly up into my face.

13. "I got him to a resting-place at last, after a weary ride, and then I had his wounds dressed; but it was weeks before he could stand upon his feet again, and when at last he began to walk he limped, and he has gone on limping ever since.

"It's all an old story now, you know," said Uncle Dick abruptly; "but it's one of those things that a man does n't forget and that it would be a shame to him if he ever could forget as long as his life lasts."

14. Uncle Dick stooped down again as he ceased to speak, and Rolf, disturbed by the silence, raised his head to look about him. As his master had said, it was a grand old head still, though the eyes were growing dim now with age. Uncle Dick laid his hand upon it and the bushy tail began to wag. It had wagged at the touch of that hand for many a long day.

"We've been together for fifteen years. He's getting old now," said Uncle Dick.

THE BUGLE SONG.

By ALFRED TENNYSON.

- THE splendor falls on castle walls
And snowy summits old in story :
The long light shakes across the lakes,
And the wild cataract leaps in glory.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
Blow, bugle ; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O hark, O hear ! how thin and clear,
And thinner, clearer, farther going !
O sweet and far from cliff and scar
The horns of Elfland faintly blowing !
Blow, let us hear the purple glens replying :
Blow, bugle ; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O love, they die in yon rich sky,
They faint on hill or field or river :
Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
And grow for ever and for ever.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
And answer, echoes, answer, dying, dying, dying.

HIS WORD OF HONOR.

THE following graphic story is based upon an incident which took place during the last struggle of the Commune in 1871, when the forces of the French government conquered the rabble army after many riotous contests in the streets of Paris.

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1. HE was only a boy, not yet sixteen, but nevertheless they were going to shoot him.

The band of insurgents to which he belonged had been routed by the Army of Versailles, and, with some ten of his comrades, he had been conducted to one of the city prisons in Paris.

Struck by his youthful appearance, and also astonished at the boy's coolness in this hour of extreme peril, the commandant had ordered that the fatal verdict should, so far as he was concerned, be suspended for the moment and that he should be kept a prisoner until his companions had met their fate at the neighboring barricade.

2. Apparently quite calm and resigned, his great eyes and his face — the pale face of a Parisian child — showed neither emotion nor anxiety. He seemed to watch the terrible scenes about him as though they did not concern him.

He heard the sinister report of the musketry which hurled his companions into eternity without moving a muscle; his calm, fixed gaze seemed to be looking into the great "Afterwards," which was soon to become the "Present" to him also.

Perhaps he was thinking of his happy, careless childhood—he had hardly outgrown it; perhaps of his relatives and their sorrow when they should hear of his fate; of the chain of fatality which had made him fatherless and had tossed him into the seething turmoil of civil war, and now demanded his life at the hands of fellow countrymen; and perhaps he wondered why such things were.

3. At the time war was declared, he was living happily with his father and mother, honest working folk who had apprenticed him to a printer; politics had never troubled that little household.

It was not long, however, before the Prussians had slain the head of the family. The privations of the siege, the long and weary waiting at the butchers' and bakers' shops when the scanty dole of food was distributed in the rigor of that terrible winter, had stretched his mother on the bed of suffering, where she lay slowly dying.

4. One day when he had gone with others to dig for potatoes in the frost-bound plain of St. Denis, a Prussian bullet broke his shoulder, and afterwards, driven partly

by hunger, partly by fear of his companions' threats, he had enrolled himself in the Army of the Commune. Like many another, fear and fear only had led him into the ranks.

He had no heart for a war of brothers, and now that his life was about to pay the penalty he was glad that he could lay no man's death to his charge. He was innocent of that, at any rate.

5. The things he had seen and suffered during the few last months had given him a dread of life. He hated to think of leaving his mother in this terrible world,—his mother whom he loved so dearly, who had always been so good to him.

He comforted himself with the thought that before long she would come, too — she could not have much more suffering to undergo, she was so weak when he last saw her, four days ago.

"Kiss me again, dear — again," she had said, "for I feel that I may never see you more."

6. "Ah," he thought, sadly, "if they would only trust me — would give me only one hour of liberty — how I would run home to her and then come back and give myself up to the hands that hunger for my life. I would give my word, and I would keep it. Why not? Save my mother — and she, too, dying — I have no one to weep over me if I am shot.

"To see her again, to kiss her dear lips once more, console, encourage her, and leave her hopeful — then I would face death bravely."

He was in the midst of these sad reflections when the commandant, followed by several officers, approached him.

7. "Now, my fine fellow, you and I have a score to settle; you know what awaits you?"

"Yes; I am ready."

"Really? So ready as all that? You are not afraid of death?"

"Less than of life. I have seen so much the last six months — such awful things — death seems better than such a life."

"I wager you would not hesitate if I gave you your choice. If I said: 'Put your best foot foremost and show me how soon you can be out of sight,' you would soon be off, I'll warrant."

8. "Try me, sir, try me! Put me to the proof; it's worth a trial. One more or less for your men to shoot, what does it matter? One hour of freedom only, not more; you shall see whether I will keep my word, and whether I am afraid to die."

"Oh! my boy! you're no fool, but you must take me for one. Once free and far away, and then to come back to be shot just as you would keep an ordinary appointment? You will hardly get me to believe that."

"Listen, sir, I beg of you. Perhaps you have a good mother; you love her, your mother, more than aught else in the whole world. If, like me, you were just going to die, your last thoughts would be of her. And you would bless the man who gave you the opportunity of seeing her once more.

9. "Sir, do for me what you would pray others to do for you. Give me one hour of liberty and I will give you my word of honor to return and give myself up. Is life itself worth a promise broken?"

While he was speaking the commandant was pacing to and fro, tugging at his mustache and evidently struggling hard to appear unmoved.

"'My word,'" he murmured. "This urchin talks of 'my word' as though he were a Knight of the Round Table!"

10. He stopped abruptly in front of his prisoner and asked in a severe tone, "Your name?"

"Victor Oury."

"Age?"

"Sixteen on the fifteenth of July next."

"Where does your mother live?"

"At Belleville."

"What made you leave her to follow the Commune?"

"The thirty sous chiefly; one must eat! Then the neighbors and my comrades threatened to shoot me if I



VICTOR BEFORE THE COMMANDANT.

did not march with them. They said I was tall enough to carry a musket. My mother was afraid of them and wept and prayed me to obey them."

"You have no father, then?"

"He was killed."

"And where?"

"At Bourget, fighting for his country."

11. The commandant turned towards his staff as

though he would consult them at a glance. All seemed moved to interest and pity.

"Well, then! it is understood," the officer said, gravely, after a moment's reflection. "You can go and see your mother. You have given me your word of honor to be back again in an hour. I shall know then whether you are a man of character or simply a cowardly boy. I give you until evening. If you are not here by eight o'clock I shall say that you are a braggart and care more for life than honor."

"I thank you, sir. At eight I will be here."

"You are sure?"

"Certain."

"We shall see when the time comes."

12. The boy would have thrown his arms about the officer in his wild joy and gratitude, but the latter repelled him gently.

"No, not now," he said. "This evening, if you return, I will embrace you—in front of the firing party," he added, grimly. "Off with you!"

Victor ran like a hare. The officers smiled as they watched him disappear. Twenty minutes later he knocked at his mother's door, and the neighbor who was tending her opened to him. She started and exclaimed when she saw him, for she had believed him dead. He would have rushed to his mother's room, but the woman stopped him.

13. "Go very quietly," she said in a low voice; "she is asleep. She has been very ill since you went away, but she is a little better now. The doctor said yesterday that if she could sleep she would soon get stronger; she must not be awakened. Poor thing! she will be glad to see you, for she has asked for you so often. When she was not calling you, she was praying the good Lord to preserve you and to restore peace in the land."

But Victor thought he heard his name called in a faint voice. He moved on tiptoe towards his mother's bed. He had not been deceived — the sick woman's eyes were opened wide.

"Victor! my boy!" she cried in her thin, weak voice. Without a word he lay down beside her and her arms closed round him hungrily.

14. And now the boy who had faced death so impassively could do naught but sob. In his mother's arms, he became a child once more, timid, despairing.

The sick woman, who seemed to gain strength from his presence, sought in vain to console him.

"Why do you distress yourself so, my child, my best beloved?" she asked. "You shall never leave me again.

"We will throw that hateful uniform away; I never want to see it more. I will make haste and get well; I feel so much stronger since you came. Soon you will go

to work again, and you will grow up and become a good man. The past will only look like a bad dream then, and we will forget it completely."

15. Poor soul, how should she know that her picture of a bright future only deepened her boy's anguish? She was silent, telling herself that the best way to dry tears is to let them flow freely. She kissed him and let his weary head fall back on the pillow, and then she gave herself up to dreams of happier days in store for both of them.

Victor's sobs grew less frequent and less violent, and soon nothing could be heard in the little room but the regular breathing of the mother and her child.

Ashamed of his weakness, the boy forced himself into self-control, and when he raised his head from the pillow, once more believing himself stronger than love of life, his mother, yielding to the reaction which her sudden joy had caused, was sleeping peacefully.

16. The sight restored his energies. A kind Providence, he thought, had wished to spare him a scene which his strength and courage could not have borne, and he resolved to go at once.

Lightly he kissed his mother's forehead, gazing at her earnestly for a few moments. She seemed to smile, he thought; then he went out hurriedly and returned to his post as quickly as he had come.

"What! so soon?" the commandant cried, astonished. The good-hearted man had hoped that the boy would not return.

"But I had promised!"

17. "Doubtless, but why be in such a hurry? You might have stayed with your mother some time longer and still have kept your word."

"Poor mother! After a scene of tears which seemed to take all my courage — tears of joy for her, of despair for me — she fell asleep so calmly, so happily, that I dare not wait for her to wake. She fell asleep with her arms about me, thinking I should never leave her again; how could I have told her the truth? Who knows whether I should have had the courage to leave her after doing so? And what would you have thought of me if I had not come back?"

18. "So I kissed her and slipped away like a thief while she was sleeping, and here I am. Pray God may be good to her as she has been to me. I have one more thing to ask, — to finish quickly."

The officer looked at the boy with mingled pity and admiration. His own eyes were full of tears.

"You are quite resigned, then; death does not frighten you?" he asked.

Victor answered him with a gesture.

"And if I pardoned you?"

"You would save my mother's life, too, and I would revere you as a second father."

19. "Well, you are a plucky lad and you have not deserved to suffer as you have done. You shall go. Embrace me first. Now go and go quickly. Join your mother and love her always."

As he spoke the last few words the officer took the boy by the shoulders and pushed him gently away.

"It really would have been a pity," he said half apologetically to his staff as he turned towards them.

Victor did not run—he flew home. His mother was still sleeping. He would dearly have liked to cover her with kisses, but he did not dare to wake her, although her sleep seemed troubled. He lay down again beside her.

20. Suddenly she sat up, crying: "Mercy! Victor! My child! Oh! Mercy!—ah! you are here; it is really you?" she added, waking.

Her thin, weak hands wandered all over him; she pressed him close to her and rained kisses on his face. Then she was shaken by convulsive sobs which Victor could not calm.

"O my boy! my boy!" she moaned, "I dreamt they were going to shoot you!"

JOHN RIDD'S ADVENTURE.

By R. D. BLACKMORE.

From "Lorna Doone."

RICHARD D. BLACKMORE was born in Longworth, England, in 1825. He was graduated at Exeter College, Oxford, and became a lawyer.

Blackmore had no thought of becoming a writer, but, like his most famous character, John Ridd, he loved out-of-door life. The motherhood of nature and the peaceful beauty of the English scenery appealed to him and he began to write verses.

In 1855 he published a volume of poems, and ten years later his first novel, "Clara Vaughn," appeared.

However, it was not until 1869, when Blackmore published "Lorna Doone," that his writings received attention. This book grew rapidly into favor, and has been followed by other novels.

Blackmore wrote his stories very carefully, describing every feature of the landscape which he knew so well.

His characters have a quaint simplicity and are brave and daring.

The story of "Lorna Doone" is filled with truest feeling and beautiful thought.

It centers about John Ridd, who is Blackmore's finest hero. He was a boy whose father had been killed by some highwaymen by the name of Doone. In the following selection the boy tells the story of one of his adventures. In after years the young man's love for Lorna Doone, the queen of a wild band, makes him brave, and he rescues Lorna by means of his quick wit and courage.

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1. BEING resolved to catch some loaches, whatever trouble it cost me, I set forth, in the forenoon of St. Valentine's Day, 1675. When I had traveled two miles or so, I found a good stream flowing softly into the body of our brook.

I buckled my breeches far up from the knee, expecting deeper water, and, crossing the Lynn, went stoutly up under the branches which hung so dark on the Bag-worthy River.

2. Every moment the cold of the water got worse and worse, until I was fit to cry with it. And so, in a sorry plight, I came to an opening in the bushes, where a great, black pool lay in front of me, whitened with snow, as I thought, at the sides, till I saw it was only foam froth. Skirting round one side, I came to a sudden sight and marvel, such as I never dreamed of. For, lo ! I stood at the foot of a long, pale slide of water, coming without any break for a hundred yards or more, and fenced on either side with cliff, sheer and straight and shining. The water neither ran nor fell nor leaped with any spouting, but made one even slope of it.

3. Then said I to myself: "John Ridd, these trees and pools and lonesome rocks and setting of the sunlight are making a grewsome coward of thee. Shall I go back to my mother so, and be called her fearless boy?"

But that which saved me from turning back was a

strange, inquisitive desire to know what made the water come down like that and what there was at the top of it.

I crawled along over the fork of rocks where the water had scooped the stone out, and, shunning thus the ledge from whence it rose like the mane of a white horse into the broad, black pool, softly I let my feet into the dip and rush of the torrent.

4. The green wave came down like great bottles upon me, and my legs were gone from under me in a moment.

But before I knew aught, except that I must die with a roar of water upon me, my fork, praise God, stuck fast in the rock, and I was borne up upon it.

To my great dismay and affright, I saw that no choice was left me now except that I must climb somehow up that hill of water or else be washed down into the pool and whirl around it till it drowned me; for there was no chance of going back by the way I had gone down into it.

5. Having said the Lord's Prayer, I grasped the good loach stick and began my course up the fearful torrent way.

How I went carefully, step by step, never daring to straighten my knees, is more than I can tell clearly. The greatest danger of all was just where I saw no jeopardy, but ran up a patch of black ooze weed in a very boastful manner, being now not far from the summit.

Here I fell and was like to have broken my kneecap, and the torrent got hold of my other leg while I was indulging the bruised one. And then a knotting of cramp disabled me, and all of my body was sliding. But my elbow caught in a hole in a rock, and so I managed to start again.

6. Now, being in the most dreadful fright because I was so near the top and hope was beating within me, I labored hard with both legs and arms going like a mill. At last the rush of forked water drove me into the middle.

Then I made up my mind to die at last; only it did seem such a pity after fighting so long to give in. The light was coming upon me, and again I fought toward it, when suddenly I felt fresh air and fell forward into the sunlight.

7. When I came to myself again a little girl was kneeling at my side, rubbing my forehead tenderly with a dock leaf and a handkerchief.

"Oh, I am so glad!" she whispered softly, as I opened my eyes and looked at her; "now you will try to be better, won't you?"

I had never heard so sweet a sound as came from between her bright red lips, while there she knelt and gazed at me; neither had I ever seen anything so beautiful as the large, dark eyes intent upon me, full of



JOHN RIDD AND LORNA DOONE.

pity and wonder. Then I wandered with my hazy eyes down the black shower of her hair; and where it fell on the turf, among it, like an early star, was the first primrose of the season.

8. And since that day I think of her through all the rough storms of my life when I see an early primrose.

“What is your name?” she said, “and how your feet are bleeding! oh, I must tie them up for you! And no shoes nor stockings! Is your mother very poor, poor boy?”

“No,” I said, being vexed at this; “we are rich enough to buy all this great meadow if we chose; and here are my shoes and stockings.”

"Why, they are quite as wet as your feet. Please to let me manage them; I will do it very softly."

"Oh, I don't think much of that," I replied. "But how you are looking at me! I never saw any one like you before. My name is John Ridd. What is your name?"

9. "Lorna Doone," she answered in a low voice, as if afraid of it, and hanging her head so that I could see only her forehead and eyelashes; "if you please, my name is Lorna Doone; and I thought you must have known it."

Then I stood up and touched her hand and tried to make her look at me; but she only turned away and her blushes turned into tears, and her tears to long, low sobs.

"Don't cry," I said, "whatever you do. I am sure you have never done any harm. I will give you all my fish, Lorna, and catch some more for mother; only don't be angry with me."

10. Here was I, a yeoman's boy, a yeoman every inch of me; and there was she, a lady born and dressed by people of rank and taste, who took pride in her beauty. Though some of her frock was touched with wet, her dress was pretty enough for the queen of all the angels! All from her waist to her neck was white, and the dark, soft weeping of her hair and the shadowy light of her

eyes, like a wood rayed through with sunset, made it seem yet whiter.

Seeing how I heeded her, she turned to the stream in a bashful manner and began to watch the water.

11. I, for my part, being vexed at her behavior to me, took up all my things and made a fuss about it to let her know I was going. But she did not call me back as I had made sure she would do ; moreover, I knew that to try the descent was almost certain death to me, so at the mouth I came back to her and said :

“Lorna.”

“Oh, I thought you were gone,” she answered ; “why did you ever come here ? Do you know what the robber band would do to us if they found you here with me ? They would kill us both outright and bury us here by the water.”

“But why should they kill me ?”

12. “Because you have found the way up here, and they never could believe it. Now, please to go ; oh, please to go ! They will kill us both in a moment.”

“But I tell you, Lorna, I never saw one like you, and I must come back again to-morrow, and so must you ; and I will bring you such lots of things—there are apples and a thrush I caught with only one leg broken and—only put your hand in mine—what little things they

are, Lorna!—and I will bring you the loveliest dog; I will show you just how long he is.”

“Hush!”

13. A shout came down the valley; and all my heart was trembling like water after sunset, and Lorna’s face was altered from pleasant play to terror. She looked up at me with such a power of weakness that I at once made up my mind to save her or die with her. A tingle went through all my bones, and I only longed for my carbine. The little girl took courage from me, and put her cheek quite close to mine.

“Come with me down the waterfall. I can carry you easily; and mother will take care of you.”

“No, no,” she cried, as I took her up; “I will tell you what to do. They are only looking for me. You see that hole, that hole there?”

14. She pointed to a little niche in the rock which verged the meadow about fifty yards away from us. In the fading of the twilight I could just descry it.

“Yes, I see it; but they will see me crossing the grass to get there.”

“Look! look!” She could hardly speak. “There is a way out from the top of it. Oh, here they come; I can see them.”

The little maid turned as white as the snow which hung on the rocks above her, and then she began to sob

aloud, but I drew her behind the withy bushes and close down to the water. Here they could not see either of us from the upper valley, and might have sought a long time for us.

15. Crouching in that hollow nest, I saw a dozen fierce men come down on the other side of the water, not bearing any firearms, but looking lax and jovial, as if they were come from riding.

"Queen! queen!" they were shouting here and there and now and then. "Where is our little queen gone?"

"They always call me 'queen,' and I am to be queen by and by," Lorna whispered to me, with her little heart beating against me; "oh, they are crossing by the timber and there, and then they are sure to see us."

"Stop," said I; "now I see what to do. I must get into the water, and you must go to sleep."

"To be sure, yes, away in the meadow there. But how bitter cold it will be for you!"

16. "Now mind you never come again," she whispered over her shoulder as she crept away. "Only I shall come sometimes."

I crept into the water and lay down with my head between two blocks of stone. The dusk was deepening between the hills, and a white mist lay on the river; I could see every ripple and twig and glazing of twilight above it as bright as in a picture; so that to my ignorance

there seemed no chance at all but what the men must find me.

For all this time they were shouting and making such a hullabaloo that the rocks all round the valley rung.

17. I was now desperate, between fear and wretchedness, till I caught a glimpse of the little maid whose beauty and whose kindness had made me yearn to be with her. And then I knew that for her sake I was bound to be brave and hide myself. She was lying beneath a rock, feigning to be fast asleep.

Presently one of the great rough men came round a corner upon her, and there he stopped and gazed awhile at her fairness and her innocence. Then he caught her up in his arms and kissed her.

"Here our queen is! Here's the queen; here's the captain's daughter!" he shouted to his comrades; "fast asleep! Now I have first claim to her, and no one else shall touch the child. Back, all of you!"

18. He sat her dainty little form upon his great, square shoulder and her narrow feet in one broad hand; and so in triumph marched away, with the purple velvet of her skirt ruffling in his long black beard and the silken length of her hair fetched out, like a cloud by the wind, behind her.

Going up that darkened glen, little Lorna turned and put up a hand to me and I put up a hand to her, in the thick of the mist and the willows.

She was gone, my little dear, and when I got over my fright I longed to have more to say to her. Her voice to me was like a sweet, silver bell intoned to the small chords of a harp.

I crept into a bush for warmth and rubbed my shivering legs. Then, as daylight sunk below the forget-me-not of stars, I knew that now must be my time to get away.

19. Through the dusk I had trouble to see the niche in the cliff at even five land yards of distance; nevertheless, I entered and held on by some dead fern stems and did hope that no one would shoot me.

But my joy was like to have ended in sad grief. For, hearing a noise in front of me, I felt myself going down some deep passage into a pit of darkness. Then, without knowing how, I was leaning over a night of water.

20. Suddenly a robin sang in the brown fern and ivy behind me. I took it for our little Annie's voice — for she could call any robin — and gathering quick, warm comfort, sprang up the steep way toward the starlight. Climbing back, as the stones glided down, I heard the cold, greedy wave go lapping, like a blind, black dog, into the distance of arches and hollow depths of darkness.

THE COAST GUARD.

By EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

Do you ask me what I am seeing
While I watch the embers glow,
And list to the wild wind howling
As it drives the winter snow?
I see, away to the eastward,
The line of a storm-beat coast,
And I hear the tread of the hurrying waves,
Like the tramp of a mailed host.

And up and down in the darkness,
And over the frozen sand,
I hear the men of the coast guard
Pacing along the strand, —
Beaten by storm and tempest
And drenched by the pelting rain, —
From the shores of Carolina
To the wind-swept bays of Maine.

No matter what storms are raging,
No matter how wild the night,
The gleam of their swinging lanterns
Shines out with a friendly light.

And many a shipwrecked sailor
Thanks God with his gasping breath
For the sturdy arms of the surfmen
That drew him away from death.

And so, when the wind is wailing
And the air grows dim with sleet,
I think of the fearless watchers
Pacing along their beat.
I think of a wreck, fast breaking
In the surf of a rocky shore,
And the lifeboat leaping onward
To the stroke of the bending oar.

I hear the shouts of the sailors,
The boom of the frozen sail,
And the crack of the icy hal yards
Straining against the gale.
"Courage!" the captain trumpets,
"They are sending help from land!"
God bless the men of the coast guard
And hold their lives in His hand!

FOOTBALL AT RUGBY.

By THOMAS HUGHES.

From "Tom Brown's School Days."

"Tom Brown's School Days" and "Tom Brown at Oxford" are two of the best books ever written for boys and young men.

The author, Thomas Hughes, was born at Newbury, England, in 1823. He spent several years at Rugby under the mastership of the famous Dr. Arnold, continuing his education at Oxford.

This selection is from "Tom Brown's School Days,"—a graphic description of life at Rugby,—and the hero is a manly, sturdy English boy.

Mr. Hughes was a lawyer as well as a writer and was deeply interested in aiding the common people.

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1. "But why do you wear white trousers in November?" said Tom. He had been struck by this peculiarity in the costume of almost all the schoolhouse boys.

"Why, bless us, don't you know? No, I forgot. Why, to-day's the schoolhouse match. Our house plays the whole of the school at football. And we all wear white trousers to show 'em we don't care for kicks on the shins. You're in luck to come to-day. You will see a great match; and Brooke's going to let me play in quarters. That's more than he'll do

for any other low-school boy, except James and he's fourteen."

"Who's Brooke?"

"Why, that big fellow that called over at dinner, to be sure. He's head of the schoolhouse side, and the best kick and charger in Rugby."

2. Tom followed East across the level ground till they came to a sort of gigantic gallows of two poles eighteen feet high, fixed upright in the ground some fourteen feet apart, with a crossbar running from one to the other, at the height of ten feet or thereabouts.

"This is one of the goals," said East, "and you see the other, across there, right opposite, under the doctor's wall. Well, the match is for the best of three goals. Whichever side kicks two goals wins; and it won't do, you see, just to kick the ball through these posts. It must go over the crossbar; any height'll do, so long as it's between the posts.

3. "You'll have to stay in goal to touch the ball when it rolls behind the posts, because if the other side touch it they have a try at goal. Then we fellows in quarters, we play just about in front of goal here, and have to turn the ball and kick it back before the big fellows on the other side can follow it up. And in front of us, all the big fellows play, and that's where the scrimmages are mostly."

Next minute East cried out: "Hurrah! here's the punt-about; come along and try your hand at a kick."

The punt-about is the practice ball, which is just brought out and kicked about anyhow from one boy to another before callings-over and dinner and at other odd times. They joined the boys who had brought it out, — all small schoolhouse fellows, friends of East.

4. Tom had the pleasure of trying his skill, and performed very creditably, after first driving his foot three inches into the ground and then nearly kicking his leg into the air in vigorous efforts to accomplish a drop-kick after the manner of East.

The crowd thickened as three o'clock approached; and when the hour struck, one hundred and fifty boys were hard at work.

"Hold the punt-about!" "To the goals!" are the cries; and the whole mass of boys moves up towards the two goals, dividing as they go, into three bodies.

That little band on the left, consisting of from fifteen to twenty boys — Tom amongst them — who are making for the goal under the schoolhouse wall, are the school-boys who are not to play-up and have to stay in goal. The larger body moving to the island goal are the school-boys in a like predicament.

5. The great mass in the middle are the players-up, both sides mingled together; they are hanging their

jackets and, all who mean real work, their hats, waistcoats, neck-handkerchiefs, and braces on the railings round the small trees ; and there they go by twos and threes up to their respective grounds.

And now that the two sides have fairly sundered, and each occupies its own ground and we get a good look at them, what absurdity is this ? You don't mean to say that those fifty or sixty boys in white trousers, many of them quite small, are going to play that huge mass opposite ?

Indeed I do ; they're going to try, at any rate, and won't make such a bad fight of it, either, mark my word ; for has n't old Brooke won the toss with his lucky half-penny, and got choice of goals and kick-off ?

6. The new ball you may see lie there quite by itself in the middle, pointing towards the school or island goal ; in another minute it will be well on its way there.

Now look, there is a slight move forward of the schoolhouse wings, a shout of "Are you ready ?" and a loud affirmative reply.

Old Brooke takes half a dozen quick steps, and away goes the ball spinning towards the school goal ; seventy yards before it touches ground and at no point above twelve or fifteen feet high, — a model kick-off, — and the schoolhouse cheer and rush on. The ball is returned, and they meet it and drive it back amongst the masses of the school already in motion.

7. Then the two sides close, and you can see nothing for minutes but a swaying crowd of boys, at one point violently agitated ; that is, where the ball is, and there are the keen players to be met and the glory and the hard knocks to be got. You hear the dull thud, thud of the ball and the shouts of "Off your side !" "Down with him !" "Put him over !" "Bravo !"

But see ! it has broken ; the ball is driven out on the schoolhouse side, and a rush of the school carries it past the schoolhouse players-up. "Look out in quarters," Brooke's and twenty other voices ring out ; no need to call, though.

8. The schoolhouse captain of quarters has caught it on the bound, dodges the foremost schoolboys who are heading the rush, and sends it back with a good drop-kick well into the enemy's country.

And then follows rush upon rush and scrimmage upon scrimmage, the ball now driven through into the schoolhouse quarters and now into the school goal ; for the schoolhouse have not lost the advantage which the kick-off and a slight wind gave them at the outset, and are slightly "penning" their adversaries.

9. Three-quarters of an hour are gone ; first winds are failing, and weight and numbers beginning to tell. Yard by yard the schoolhouse boys have been driven back, contesting every inch of ground.

The bulldogs are the color of mother earth from shoulder to ankle, except young Brooke, who has a marvelous knack of keeping his legs. The schoolhouse boys are being "penned" in their turn, and now the ball is behind their goal under the doctor's wall.

We get a minute's breathing time before old Brooke kicks out, and he gives the word to play strongly for touch by the three trees. Away goes the ball and the bulldogs after it, and in another minute there is a shout of "In-touch!" "Our ball!" Now's your time, old Brooke, while your men are still fresh.

10. He stands with the ball in his hand, while the two sides form in deep lines opposite one another. He must strike it straight out between them. The lines are thickest close to him, but young Brooke and two or three of his men are shifting up further, where the opposite line is weak.

Old Brooke strikes it out straight and strong and it falls opposite his brother. Hurrah! that rush has taken it right through the school line and away past the three trees far into their quarters, and young Brooke and the bulldogs are close upon it.

11. The school leaders rush back shouting "Look out in goal!" and strain every nerve to catch him, but they are after the fleetest foot in Rugby. There they go straight for the school goal posts, quarters scattering before them.

One after another the bulldogs go down, but young Brooke holds on. "He is down!" No! a long stagger, but the danger is past; that was the shock of Crew, the most dangerous of dodgers.

And now he is close to the school goal, the ball not three yards before him. There is a hurried rush of the



A FOOTBALL GAME.

school fags to the spot, but no one throws himself on the ball — the only chance — and young Brooke has touched it right under the school goal posts.

12. Old Brooke, of course, will kick out the goal, but who shall catch and place it? Call Crab Jones.

Here he comes sauntering along with a straw in his mouth, the queerest, coolest fish in Rugby. If he were

tumbled into the moon this minute he would just pick himself up without taking his hands out of his pockets or turning a hair.

It is a moment when the boldest charger's heart beats quick. Old Brooke stands with the ball under his arm motioning the school back ; he will not kick out till they are all in goal, behind the posts. They are all edging forward, inch by inch, to get nearer for the rush at Crab Jones, who stands there in front of old Brooke to catch the ball.

13. If they can reach and destroy him before he catches, the danger is over ; and with one and the same rush they will carry it right away to the schoolhouse goal. Fond hope ! it is kicked out and caught beautifully.

Crab strikes his heel into the ground to mark the spot where the ball was caught, beyond which the school line may not advance ; but there they stand, five deep, ready to rush the moment the ball touches the ground.

Take plenty of room ! don't give the rush a chance of reaching you ! place it true and steady ! Trust Crab Jones. He has made a small hole with his heel for the ball to lie on, by which he is resting on one knee, with his eye on old Brooke. "Now !" Crab places the ball at the word, old Brooke kicks, and it rises slowly and truly as the school rush forward.

14. Then a moment's pause, while both sides look up

at the spinning ball. There it flies straight between the two posts, some five feet above the crossbar, an unquestioned goal; and a shout of real, genuine joy rings out from the schoolhouse players-up and a faint echo of it comes over the close from the goal-keepers under the doctor's wall.

A goal in the first hour — such a thing has n't been done in the schoolhouse match this five years.

15. "Over!" is the cry; the two sides change goals, and the schoolhouse goal-keepers come threading their way across through the masses of the school, the most openly triumphant of them, amongst whom is Tom, a schoolhouse boy of two hours' standing, getting their ears boxed in the transit.

Tom is indeed excited beyond measure, and it is all the sixth-form boy — kindest and safest of goal-keepers — has been able to do to keep him from rushing out whenever the ball has been near their goal. So he holds him by his side and instructs him in the science of touching.

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16. And now the last minutes are come, and the school gather for their last rush, every boy of the hundred and twenty who has a run left in him. Reckless of the defense of their own goal, on they come across the

level big-side ground—the ball well down amongst them—straight for our goal, like the column of the Old Guard up the slope at Waterloo.

All former charges have been child's play to this. Warner and Hedge have met them, but still on they come. The bulldogs rush in for the last time; they are hurled over or carried back, striving hand, foot, and eyelids.

17. Old Brooke comes sweeping round the skirts of the play, and, turning short round, picks out the very best heart of the scrimmage and plunges in. It wavers for a moment—he has the ball! No, it has passed him, and his voice rings out clear over the advancing tide: “Look out in goal!”

Crab Jones catches it for a moment, but before he can kick, the rush is upon him and passes over him, and he picks himself up behind them with his straw in his mouth, a little dirtier, but as cool as ever.

The ball rolls slowly in behind the schoolhouse goal, not three yards in front of a dozen of the biggest school players-up.

18. There stands the schoolhouse prepositor, safest of goal-keepers, and Tom Brown by his side, who has learned his trade by this time. Now is your time, Tom. The blood of all the Browns is up, and the two rush in together and throw themselves on the ball, under the

very feet of the advancing column, the prepositor on his hands and knees arching his back, and Tom all along on his face.

Over them topple the leaders of the rush, shooting over the back of the prepositor, but falling flat on Tom and knocking all the wind out of his small body.

"Our ball," says the prepositor, rising with his prize; "but get up there; there's a little fellow under you." They are hauled and roll off him and Tom is discovered, a motionless body.

19. Old Brooke picks him up. "Stand back! give him air!" says he, and then, feeling his limbs, adds: "No bones broken. How do you feel, young 'un?"

"Hah-hah," gasps Tom, as his wind comes back; "pretty well, thank you — all right."

"Who is he?" says Brooke. "Oh, it's Brown; he's a new boy. I know him," says East, coming up.

"Well, he is a plucky youngster, and will make a player," says Brooke.

And five o'clock strikes. "No side" is called, and the first day of the schoolhouse match is over.

THE ENCOUNTER WITH THE PANTHER.

BY JAMES FENIMORE COOPER.

JAMES FENIMORE COOPER, an eminent American novelist, was born in Burlington, N. J., in September, 1789.

His early life was spent on the shores of Lake Otsego, New York, where his father lived while the future novelist was very young. At that time this tract of country was a wilderness, and the boy became familiar with the hunters and Indians who lived upon the frontier.

His father, Judge Cooper, was a man of wealth and culture, and sent his boy to Yale University at the early age of thirteen. Young Cooper spent three years there and then entered the navy, remaining in this service until his marriage in 1811, when he turned his attention to writing.

There were almost no American novels at this time, and the public were enthusiastic over the author's tales of Indian life and adventures on the sea.

Cooper's works consist of thirty-two volumes, the most popular of which are "The Pilot," "The Spy," "The Prairie," and "The Last of the Mohicans." He died at Cooperstown, in September, 1851.

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īn ān'ī mâte	ē lās tŷc'ī tŷ ^(sh)
rēs pī rā'tiōn ^(sh)	ēx'trī cāte
dīs qual'ī fied	cōn vŭlsed'

1. THE day was becoming warm, and the girls plunged more deeply into the forest. Every tall pine and every shrub or flower called forth some simple expression of admiration.

In this manner they proceeded along the margin of the precipice, catching occasional glimpses of the placid Otsego, when Elizabeth suddenly started and exclaimed :

2. "Listen! there are the cries of a child on this mountain! Is there a clearing near us, or can some little one have strayed from its parents?"

"Such things frequently happen," returned Louisa. "Let us follow the sounds; it may be a wanderer starving on the hill."

Urged by this consideration, the girls pursued with quick and impatient steps the low, mournful sounds that proceeded from the forest. More than once Elizabeth was on the point of announcing that she saw the sufferer, when Louisa caught her by the arm, and, pointing behind them, cried : "Look at the dog!"

3. Brave had been their companion from the time the voice of his young mistress lured him from his kennel to the present moment: his advanced age had long before deprived him of his activity.

Aroused by the cry from Louisa, Miss Temple turned and saw the dog with his eyes keenly set on some distant object, his head bent near the ground, and his hair actually rising on his body through fright or anger. He was growling in a low key and occasionally showing his teeth in a manner that would have terrified his mistress had she not so well known his good qualities.

4. "Brave!" she said, "be quiet, Brave! What do you see, fellow?" At the sounds of her voice, the rage of the mastiff, instead of being at all diminished, was very sensibly increased. He stalked in front of the ladies and seated himself at the feet of his mistress, growling louder than before, and occasionally giving vent to his ire by a short, surly barking.

5. "What does he see?" said Elizabeth; "there must be some animal in sight."

Hearing no answer from her companion, Miss Temple turned her head and beheld Louisa, standing with her face whitened to the color of death, and her finger pointing upward with a sort of flickering, convulsed motion.

The quick eye of Elizabeth glanced in the direction indicated by her friend, where she saw the fierce front and glaring eyes of a panther fixed on them in horrid malignity and threatening to leap.

"Let us fly!" exclaimed Elizabeth, grasping the arm of Louisa, whose form yielded like melting snow.

6. There was not a single feeling in the temperament of Elizabeth Temple that could prompt her to desert a companion in such an extremity. She fell on her knees by the side of the inanimate Louisa, tearing from the person of her friend, with instinctive readiness, such parts of her dress as might obstruct her respiration,

and encouraging their only safeguard, the dog, at the same time by the sounds of her voice.

"Courage, Brave!" she cried, her own tones beginning to tremble, "courage, courage, good Brave!"

7. A quarter-grown cub, that had hitherto been unseen, now appeared, dropping from the branches of a sapling that grew under the shade of a beech. This vicious creature approached the dog, imitating the actions and sounds of its parent, but exhibiting a strange mixture of the playfulness of a kitten with the ferocity of its race.

Standing on its hind legs, it would rend the bark of a tree with its fore paws and play the antics of a cat; and then, by lashing itself with its tail, growling and scratching the earth, it would attempt the manifestations of anger that rendered its parent so terrific.

8. All this time Brave stood firm and undaunted, his short tail erect, his body drawn backward on its haunches, and his eyes following the movements of both the female panther and the cub. At every gambol played by the latter it approached nigher to the dog, the growling of the three becoming more horrid at each moment, until the younger beast, overleaping its intended bound, fell directly before the mastiff.

There was a moment of fearful cries and struggles, but they ended almost as soon as commenced by the cub appearing in the air, hurled from the jaws of Brave with

a violence that sent it against a tree so forcibly as to render it completely senseless.

9. Elizabeth witnessed the short struggle, and her blood was warming with the triumph of the dog, when she saw the form of the old panther in the air, springing twenty feet from the branch of the beech to the back of the mastiff.

No words of ours can describe the fury of the conflict that followed. It was a confused struggle on the dry leaves, accompanied by loud and terrific cries.

Miss Temple continued on her knees, bending over the form of Louisa, her eyes fixed on the animals with an interest so intense that she almost forgot her own stake in the result. So rapid and vigorous were the bounds of the panther that her active frame seemed constantly in the air, while the dog nobly faced his foe at each successive leap.

10. When the panther lighted on the shoulders of the mastiff, which was her constant aim, old Brave, though torn with her claws and stained with his own blood that already flowed from a dozen wounds, would shake off his furious foe like a feather and, rearing on his hind legs, rush to the fray again with jaws distended and a dauntless eye.

But age and his pampered life greatly disqualified the noble mastiff for such a struggle. In everything but

courage he was only the vestige of what he had once been.

11. A higher bound than ever raised the wary and furious beast far beyond the reach of the dog, who was making a desperate but fruitless effort to dash at her, from which she alighted in a favorable position on the back of her aged foe. For a single moment only could the panther remain there, the great strength of the dog returning with a convulsive effort.

But Elizabeth saw, as Brave fastened his teeth in the side of his enemy, that the collar of brass around his neck, which had been glittering throughout the fray, was of the color of blood, and, directly, that his frame was sinking to the earth, where it soon lay prostrate and helpless.

Several mighty efforts of the wildcat to extricate herself from the jaws of the dog followed, but they were fruitless until the mastiff turned on his back, his lips collapsed, and his teeth loosened, when the short convulsions and stillness that succeeded announced the death of poor Brave.

12. Elizabeth now lay wholly at the mercy of the beast. There is said to be something in the front of the image of the Maker that daunts the hearts of the inferior beings of His creation; and it would seem that some such power, in the present instance, suspended the threatened blow.

The eyes of the monster and the kneeling maiden met for an instant, when the former stooped to examine her fallen foe, next to scent her luckless cub. From the latter examination she turned, however, with her eyes apparently emitting flashes of fire, her tail lashing her sides furiously, and her claws projecting inches from her broad feet.

13. Miss Temple did not or could not move. Her hands were clasped in the attitude of prayer, but her eyes were still drawn to her terrible enemy; her cheeks were blanched to the whiteness of marble, and her lips were slightly separated with horror.

The moment seemed now to have arrived for the fatal termination, and the beautiful figure of Elizabeth was bowing meekly to the stroke, when a rustling of leaves behind seemed rather to mock the organs than to meet her ears.

"Hist! hist!" said a low voice, "stoop lower, girl; your bonnet hides the creature's head."

14. It was rather the yielding of nature than a compliance with this unexpected order that caused the head of our heroine to sink on her bosom, when she heard the report of the rifle, the whizzing of the bullet, and the enraged cries of the beast which was rolling over on the earth, biting her own flesh and tearing the twigs and branches within her reach. At the next instant, the

form of the Leather-stocking rushed by her, and he called aloud:

“Come in, Hector, come in; ’t is a hard-lived animal, and may jump again.”

15. The brave hunter fearlessly maintained his position in front of the girls, notwithstanding the violent bounds and threatening aspect of the wounded panther, which gave several indications of returning strength and ferocity, until his rifle was again loaded, when he stepped up to the enraged animal, and, placing the muzzle close to her head, every spark of life was extinguished by the discharge.

The death of her terrible enemy appeared to Elizabeth like a resurrection from her own grave. Notwithstanding the fearful aspect of the panther, the eye of the brave girl had never shrunk from its gaze; and long after the event, the sweetness of her midnight sleep would be disturbed, as her active fancy conjured, in dreams, the most trifling movements of savage fury that the beast had exhibited in its moment of power.

ARBACES AND THE LION.

EDWARD BULWER LYTTON.

THE following selection is taken from "The Last Days of Pompeii," a famous novel written by Edward Bulwer Lytton, the author of a large number of works of fiction.

Arbaces, an Egyptian, murdered Apæcides, a priest, and accused Glaucus, a young Greek, of having committed the crime. Calenus witnessed the deed, and Arbaces, after promising him a large sum for his silence, imprisoned him in a dungeon, leaving him there to die.

Glaucus was condemned, and, according to the ancient custom, was to be devoured by the lions; but Calenus escaped and accused Arbaces of the crime.

The terrible eruption of Mt. Vesuvius burst forth just as the crowd rushed upon Arbaces, and the city of Pompeii was buried beneath its fury. Glaucus and some of his friends escaped, but Arbaces perished.

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cow'ard ĭce

ăp pa rĭ'tiôn

(sh)
ăm phĭ thē'a těr

côn tēmned'

sĕn à tō'rĭ al

ăv'ē nūe

pōp'û lâçe

1. THE keeper, who was behind the den, cautiously removed the grating; the lion leaped forth with a mighty and a glad roar of release. Glaucus had bent his limbs so as to give himself the firmest posture at the expected rush of the lion, with his small and shining weapon raised on high, in the faint hope that one well-directed thrust

might penetrate through the eye to the brain of his grim foe. But, to the unutterable astonishment of all, the beast halted abruptly in the arena; then suddenly it sprang forward, but not on the Athenian. At half speed it circled round and round the space, turning its vast head from side to side with an anxious and perturbed gaze, as if seeking only some avenue of escape. Once or twice it endeavored to leap up the parapet that divided it from the audience, and, on failing, uttered rather a baffled howl than its deep-toned and kingly roar. The first surprise of the assembly at the apathy of the lion was soon converted into resentment at its cowardice; and the populace already merged their pity for the fate of Glaucus into angry compassion for their own disappointment.

2. Then there was a confusion, a bustle — voices of remonstrance suddenly breaking forth, and suddenly silenced at the reply. All eyes turned, in wonder at the interruption, towards the quarter of the disturbance. The crowd gave way, and suddenly Sallust appeared on the senatorial benches, his hair disheveled — breathless — heated — half exhausted. He cast his eyes hastily around the ring. “Remove the Athenian!” he cried; “haste — he is innocent! Arrest Arbaces, the Egyptian; he is the murderer of Apæcides!”

“Art thou mad, O Sallust?” said the prætor, rising from his seat. “What means this raving?”

3. "Remove the Athenian! Quick! or his blood be on your head. Prætor, delay and you answer with your own life to the emperor! I bring with me the eyewitness to the death of the priest Apæcides. Room there! stand back! give way! People of Pompeii, fix every eye upon Arbaces — there he sits! Room there for the priest Calenus!" "The priest Calenus! Calenus!" cried the mob. "Is it he? No—it is a dead man." "It is the priest Calenus," said the prætor. "What hast thou to say?" "Arbaces of Egypt is the murderer of Apæcides, the priest of Isis; these eyes saw him deal the blow. Release the Athenian; he is innocent!"

"It is for this, then, that the lion spared him. A miracle! a miracle!" cried Pansa.

"A miracle! a miracle!" shouted the people. "Remove the Athenian! Arbaces to the lion!"

And that shout echoed from hill to vale, from coast to sea: "Arbaces to the lion!"

4. "Hear me," answered Arbaces, rising calmly, but with agitation visible in his face. "This man came to threaten that he would make against me the charge he has now made, unless I would purchase his silence with half my fortune. Were I guilty, why was the witness of this priest silent at the trial? Then I had not detained or concealed him. Why did he not proclaim my guilt when I proclaimed that of Glaucus?"

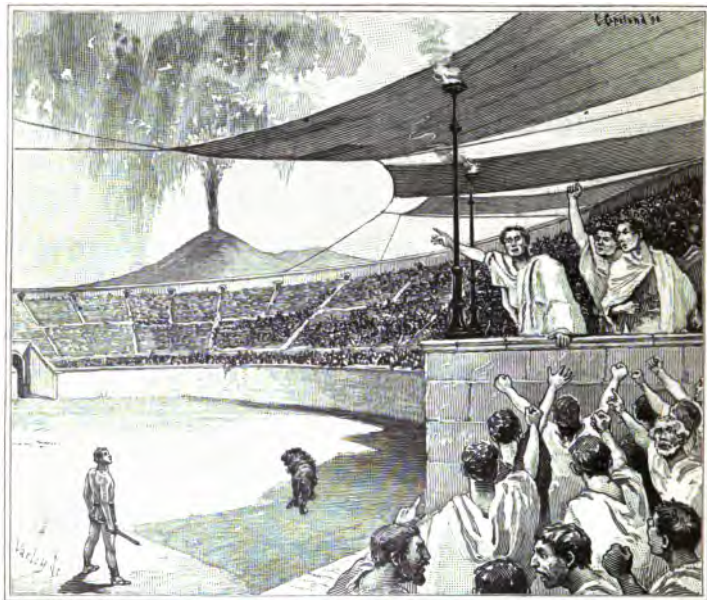
“What!” cried Calenus, turning around to the people, “shall Isis be thus contemned? Shall the blood of Apæcides yet cry for vengeance? Shall the lion be cheated of his lawful prey? A god! a god! I feel the god rush to my lips! To the lion—to the lion with Arbaces!” Sinking on the ground in strong convulsions—the foam gathered to his mouth—he was as a man, indeed, whom a supernatural power had entered! The people saw and shuddered. “It is a god that inspires the holy man! To the lion with the Egyptian!”

5. With that cry up sprang—on moved—thousands upon thousands! They rushed from the heights—they poured down in the direction of the Egyptian. The power of the prætor was as a reed beneath the whirlwind. The guards made but a feeble barrier—the waves of the human sea halted for a moment, to enable Arbaces to count the exact moment of his doom! In despair, and in a terror which beat down even pride, he glanced his eyes over the rolling and rushing crowd—when, right above them, he beheld a strange and awful apparition—he beheld—and his craft restored his courage!

“Behold!” he shouted with a voice of thunder, which stilled the roar of the crowd; “behold how the gods protect the guiltless! The fires of the avenging Orcus burst forth against the false witness of my accusers!” The eyes of the crowd followed the gesture of the Egyptian and

beheld with ineffable dismay a vast vapor shooting from the summit of Vesuvius in the form of a gigantic pine tree — the trunk, blackness ; the branches, fire.

6. At that moment they felt the earth shake beneath their feet ; the walls of the theater trembled ; and beyond,



"BEHOLD!" SHOUTED ARBACES.

in the distance, they heard the crash of falling roofs. An instant more and the mountain cloud seemed to roll towards them, dark and rapid, like a torrent. At the same time it cast forth from its bosom a shower of ashes mixed with vast fragments of burning stone ! Over the

crushing vines, over the desolate streets, over the amphitheater itself, far and wide, with many a mighty splash in the agitated sea, fell that awful shower! No longer thought the crowd of justice or of Arbaces; safety for themselves was their sole thought. Each turned to fly — each dashing, pressing, crushing against the other. Trampling recklessly over the fallen, — amidst groans and oaths and prayers and sudden shrieks, — the enormous crowd vomited itself forth through the numerous passages. Whither should they fly for protection from the terrors of the open air?

And then darker and larger and mightier spread the cloud above them. It was a sudden and more ghastly night rushing upon the realm of noon!

From "The Last Days of Pompeii."

SPRING IN KENTUCKY.

JAMES LANE ALLEN.

JAMES LANE ALLEN was born on a farm near Lexington, Ky., in 1850. The early years of his life were spent in careful study.



He became interested in literature and wrote sketches and poems for several magazines and papers.

In 1885 he went to New York City to continue this work. He wrote a number of interesting articles on the "Blue Grass Region" in Kentucky. These were published in "Harper's Magazine." His first stories appeared shortly after in "The Century."

Mr. Allen knows and loves Kentucky, and it is there that he locates his scenes. He has written a number of delightful novels which have been widely read. He resides in New York City and is popular as a writer.

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1. It is the middle of February. So bleak a season touches my concern for birds, which never seem quite at home in this world; and the winter has been most lean and hungry for them. Many snows have fallen — snows that are as raw cotton spread over their breakfast

table and cutting off connection between them and its bounties.

Next summer I must let the weeds grow up in my garden, so that they may have a better chance for seeds above the stingy level of the universal white. Of late I have opened a pawnbroker's shop for my hard-pressed brethren in feathers, lending at a fearful rate of interest, for every borrower will have to pay me back in due time by monthly instalments of singing. But were a man never so usurious, would he not lend a winter seed for a summer song? Would he refuse to invest his stale crumbs in an orchestra of divine instruments and a choir of heavenly voices?

2. And to-day, also, I ordered from a nurseryman more trees of holly, juniper, and fir, since the forest is naked, and every shrub and hedgerow is bare. What would become of our birds if there were no evergreens — Nature's hostelrys for the homeless ones? Living in the depths of these, they can keep snow, ice, and wind at bay; prying eyes cannot watch them, nor enemies so well draw near; cones, or seed, or berries are their store; and in those untrodden chambers each can have the sacred company of his mate.

But wintering here has terrible risks which few can run. Scarcely in autumn have the leaves begun to drop from their high perches silently downward when the

birds begin to drop away from the bare boughs silently southward. Lo! some morning the leaves are on the ground and the birds have vanished.

3. The species that remain, or that come to us then, wear the hues of the season and melt into the tone of Nature's background — blues, grays, browns, with touches of white on tail and breast and wing for coming flakes of snow.

March has gone like its winds. The other night, as I lay awake, there fell from the upper air the notes of the wild-gander as he wedged his way onward by faith, not by sight, toward his distant bourn. I rose and, throwing open the shutters, strained eyes toward the unseen explorer, startled as a half-asleep soldier might be startled by the faint bugle-call of his commander blown to him from the clouds. What far-off lands, streaked with mortal dawn, does he believe in?

4. March is a month when the needle of my nature dips toward the country. I am away, greeting everything as it wakes out of a winter sleep, stretches arms upward and legs downward, and drinks goblet after goblet of young sunshine. I must find the dark-green snow-drop and sometimes help to remove from her head, as she lifts it slowly from her couch, the frosted night-cap which the old nurse would insist that she should wear.

The pale-green tips of daffodils are a thing of beauty. There is the sunstruck brook of the field, underneath the thin ice of which drops form and fall, form and fall like big, round, silvery eyes that grow bigger and brighter with astonishment that you should laugh at them as they vanish.

5. But most I love to see Nature do her spring house-cleaning in Kentucky, with the rain clouds for her water buckets, and the wind for her brooms. What an amount of drenching and sweeping she can do in a day! How she dashes pailfuls into every dirty corner, till the whole earth is as clean as a new floor!

Another day she attacks the piles of dead leaves, where they have lain since last October, and scatters them in a trice, so that every cranny may be sunned and aired. Or, grasping her long brooms by the handles, she will go into the woods and beat the icicles off the big trees as a housewife would brush down cobwebs.

This done, she begins to hang up soft, new curtains at the forest windows and to spread over her floor a new carpet of an emerald loveliness such as no mortal looms could ever have woven.

6. And then, at last, she sends out invitations through the south for the birds to come and spend the summer in Kentucky. The invitations are sent out in March, and accepted in April and May, and by June her house is full of visitors.

Not the eyes alone love Nature in March. Every other sense hies abroad. My tongue hunts for the last morsel of snow on the northern root of some aged oak. As one goes early to a concert hall with a passion even for the preliminary tuning of the musicians, so my ear sits alone in the vast amphitheater of Nature and waits for the earliest warble of the bluebird, which seems to start up somewhere behind the heavenly curtains. And the scent of spring, is it not the first lyric of the nose—that despised poet of the senses?

From "A Kentucky Cardinal."

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WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

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píc tĩr ɛsque'
sĩm plĩç'ĩ tỹ
lěg'á çỹ

vĩg'or oũs
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ĩm mǝr tǎl'ĩ tỹ
ĩn tĩ mǎ'tiõn_(sh)

1. WILLIAM WORDSWORTH, one of the Lake poets, was born in England on the 7th of April, 1770. His father was a lawyer who belonged to a fine old English family. His mother was descended from a family of rank.

William had three brothers and one sister, Dorothy, who was his constant companion.

His mother died when he was but eight years old, and he remembered but little about her; but he once overheard her tell one of her friends that William was the only one of her chil-

dren for whom she was anxious — he would be remarkable for good or evil.

2. Wordsworth spent a very free boyhood; he was strong and vigorous and loved to be in the open air.



This out-of-door life did much to make him a poet. He afterwards wrote:—

“I had a world about me — ’t was my own;
I made it, for it only lived to me,
And to the God who sees into the heart.”

The Derwent river offered many a sport to the four brothers:—

“the bright river passed
Along the margin of our terrace walk;
A tempting playmate whom we dearly loved.”

How the boy exulted in his freedom, finding delight in every season! The winter sports were filled with happy hours. He was an excellent skater and could cut his name on the ice even after he became an old man.

3. All four boys attended the same school, and when they came home their father listened with interest to the poems from Milton, Shakespeare, and Spenser which they had learned.

The father died when William was thirteen years old, and the children were left almost penniless.

His mother's family assisted in sending the future poet to Cambridge University.

The change from his country home to college life was great, and the lad was much interested in the scenes about him. He felt as though some fairy wand had touched him, for he had a fine suit of clothes, his hair was

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powdered according to the fashion of the times, he had money in his pocket, and a "lordly dressing gown" hung in his closet.

4. When he was nineteen years old, William spent several weeks with his sister, and as they wandered about Dovedale together, planning and dreaming of the future, he decided to be a poet. During this year he composed his first long poem, "An Evening Walk, addressed to a Young Lady" [his sister Dorothy].

In the autumn of 1790 Wordsworth and a friend made a journey, mostly on foot, to Calais, visiting Switzerland. They wandered across a mountainous country, and were greatly disappointed when a peasant told them that they had crossed the Alps without knowing it. Many a mile did the young men travel together, feasting their eyes upon the wondrous scenery: —

"the ever-living universe,
Turn where I might, was opening out its glories."

Wordsworth's uncle had already urged him to take orders and become a clergyman, but he could not give up his cherished dream of becoming a poet. .

5. When he was twenty-one, he received his degree and left Cambridge, spending some time with Dorothy. The faithful sister encouraged her brother to carry out his purpose, and they took long walks at morning and nightfall, talking and planning together. The young

poet then went to London, where he spent several months and then took another tour, this time visiting Wales. The next winter was spent in France, where he became deeply interested in the political affairs of that nation.

Although Wordsworth had begun writing verses when he was a schoolboy, his first book of poems, containing "An Evening Walk" and "Descriptive Sketches," was not published until he was twenty-three. These poems attracted very little attention, and did not have a rapid sale, but they were appreciated by a few, who recognized the true spirit of poetry in them.

6. His relatives were disappointed in him and thought him a hopeless and idle dreamer. Dorothy wrote one of her friends: "This favorite brother of mine happens to be no favorite with any of his near relatives except his brothers, by whom he is adored." His sister understood him and encouraged him continually. She was devoted to him, and they planned to have a home together as soon as he had sufficient means.

About this time Wordsworth began to write for a London paper. In 1795 a friend whom he had nursed during his last illness left him a legacy of nine hundred pounds. With this sum the brother and sister began housekeeping in a modest little cottage. Here, far from the world, but surrounded with beautiful scenery, they read, walked, talked, and wrote verses. In this quiet

home the poet listened to his own thoughts and to the messages that the tiniest dewdrop held for him. He wrote: "To me, the meanest flower that blows can give thoughts that lie too deep for tears."

7. At this time he made the acquaintance of Samuel T. Coleridge, and the two poets became lifelong friends. Coleridge visited Wordsworth at his home, and was charmed with him and his sister. In 1797 Wordsworth moved to Alfoxden, where Coleridge and his wife were staying, so that he might enjoy their society. This close friendship brought him into touch with other literary men, and he became acquainted with Robert Southey and Charles Lamb.

Meanwhile his pen was active and some of his most beautiful poems were written. "It was," says Wordsworth, "a very pleasant and profitable time of my life." The next summer, during a tour with his sister along the river Wye, he wrote "Tintern Abbey," an exquisite poem which was published early in September of that year in his volume of "Lyrical Ballads."

8. Shortly afterwards the Wordsworths left their home at Alfoxden, and spent the winter at the foot of the Hartz mountains. It was bitterly cold and nothing could have been more dreary than this season at Goslar; but the poet's heart turned with longing to old scenes, and some of the poems written among these bleak and

wintry surroundings are filled with the breath of spring-tide and nature's most smiling moods.

The next December the brother and sister went to live at Dove Cottage, Grasmere. They had been traveling for four days, much of the way on foot, but such was their delight in nature that Wordsworth wrote Coleridge an enthusiastic account of their journey:—

“The frosty wind, as if to make amends
For its keen breath, was aiding to our steps,
And drove us onward like two ships at sea
Or like two birds, companions in mid-air.”

Dove Cottage is still standing by the roadside close to the lake, with a garden where some of the plants which Wordsworth set out may still be found. It was here that he wrote “To a Butterfly,” “To the Small Celandine,” and “Daffodils.”

9. On the 4th of October, 1802, Wordsworth was married to Mary Hutchinson, and for nearly fifty years she made his life happy by her loving devotion. His poems contain many references to her, as in “She was a Phantom of Delight” and others.

During the next ten years Wordsworth wrote his finest poems, among them his wonderful ode, “Intimations of Immortality from Recollections of Early Childhood,” “The Prelude,” and the greater part of “The Excursion.” These poems will always be associated with

the valley of Easedale, surrounded by mountains. Along the green pathways many lines were murmured by the poet, and often was he accompanied by his wife and sister, who were ready to write the verses as they fell from the poet's lips.

10. In 1803 Wordsworth and his sister Dorothy went to Scotland, and there met Sir Walter Scott. They were impressed by the love and respect with which Scott was everywhere received. Two years later Scott and his wife returned this visit and were delighted with their reception at the humble cottage at Grasmere.

In 1813 Rydal Mount being vacant, the family moved there, where they remained the rest of Wordsworth's life.



WORDSWORTH'S HOME AT RYDAL MOUNT.

The home at Rydal was a gray cottage, almost hidden by ivy and roses, with a picturesque, old-fashioned garden.

"The Excursion" and "The White Doe of Rylstone" appeared during the year 1815.

11. When he was from sixty to seventy years of age, Wordsworth reached the height of his popularity and was

looked upon as the distinguished poet of the period. He still retained his simplicity and rustic ways, and enjoyed a ramble with a little child as well as a philosophical talk with some great man. He was made poet laureate when he was seventy-three.

His life closed gently and quietly upon the 23d of April, 1850, and he was laid in the quiet churchyard at Grasmere.

TO THE SMALL CELANDINE.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

PANSIES, lilies, kingcups, daisies,
Let them live upon their praises ;
Long as there's a sun that sets,
Primroses will have their glory ;
Long as there are violets,
They will have a place in story :
There's a flower that shall be mine,
'T is the little celandine.

Eyes of some men travel far
For the finding of a star ;
Up and down the heavens they go,
Men that keep a mighty rout !.

I'm as great as they, I trow,
 Since the day I found thee out,
 Little flower! — I'll make a stir,
 Like a sage astronomer.

Ere a leaf is on a bush,
 In the time before the thrush
 Has a thought about her nest,
 Thou wilt come with half a call,
 Spreading out thy glossy breast
 Like a careless prodigal;
 Telling tales about the sun,
 When we've little warmth, or none.

Comfort have thou of thy merit,
 Kindly, unassuming spirit!
 Careless of thy neighborhood,
 Thou dost show thy pleasant face
 On the moor, and in the wood,
 In the lane; — there's not a place,
 Howsoever mean it be,
 But 't is good enough for thee.

Ill befall the yellow flowers,
 Children of the flaring hours!
 Buttercups, that will be seen,
 Whether we will see or no;

Others, too, of lofty mien,
They have done as worldlings do,
Taken praise that should be thine,
Little, humble celandine !

DAFFODILS.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

I WANDERED lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd,
A host, of golden daffodils ;
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine
And twinkle on the milky way,
They stretched in never-ending line
Along the margin of a bay :
Ten thousand saw I at a glance,
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced ; but they
Outdid the sparkling waves in glee :
A poet could not but be gay,

In such a jocund company :
I gazed — and gazed — but little thought
What wealth the show to me had brought :

For oft, when on my couch I lie
In vacant or in pensive mood,
They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude ;
And then my heart with pleasure fills,
And dances with the daffodils.

WALDEN POND.

HENRY DAVID THOREAU.

HENRY DAVID THOREAU was born in Concord, Mass., on the 12th of July, 1817. His father was of French descent, and his mother was the daughter of a New England clergyman.

Henry's life as a country boy, driving the cow to pasture and roaming about the woods, made him familiar with Nature; new discoveries of her beauties and the constant changes of the seasons soon became his greatest delight.

The meadows and stream sides were stored with treasures, and when only twelve years of age he had already made a number of collections for Professor Agassiz, the great naturalist. Ralph Waldo Emerson says of him:—

“ It seemed as if the breezes brought him,
It seemed as if the sparrow taught him,
As if by secret signs he knew
Where in far fields the orchis grew.”

Thoreau attended Harvard College, and was graduated in 1837. He then joined his brother in teaching a private school, but soon turned aside from this profession and decided to devote himself to the study of nature.

He was never idle, but preferred to earn what money he required by building a fence or a boat, or by laboring on some farm, rather than to be confined to any regular occupation. He, however, became a land surveyor, as this employment led him constantly to new ground for observation.

A Robinson Crusoe's life, with only his own efforts and nature to depend upon, would have suited this child of nature. Still, although so hermit-like, he was really fond of sympathy, delighted to entertain his friends with stories of field and river, and was always ready to lead a party in search for nuts or berries.

In 1845 he made an experiment to prove that man could live as independent of his kind as the birds and squirrels. Upon a pine slope on the shores of Walden Pond he built and furnished a small house. During two years he lived here, studying, writing, and learning to know the fishes, birds, and other woodland creatures.

Birds came at his call, and even the fishes swam fearlessly through his hands. He would sit immovable, until the bird, reptile, or fish which had been startled by his presence would return, either out of curiosity to observe him, or to resume its habits.

While a young man, he became acquainted with Ralph Waldo Emerson, who was his lifelong friend. Thoreau so loved nature that his books are filled with descriptions of beautiful scenery, ever-changing wild flowers, and the habits of animals. He was so happy in solitude that it made him heavy-hearted to see houses springing up among the woods and meadows where he had wandered as a boy. The axe was always destroying his forest. "Thank God," he said, "they cannot cut down the clouds!"

Thoreau died on the 6th of May, 1862. His grave is in the beautiful cemetery of Sleepy Hollow, Concord, beside those of Hawthorne and Emerson.

Ųn tēr mē'dī āte

nāt'Ų rāl īst

sŲr vey'or_(ā)

rēp'tīle

sŲbt'lēr

Ųn dŲ lā'tiōņ_(sh)

1. IN such a day, in September or October, Walden is a perfect forest mirror, set round with stones as precious to my eye as if fewer or rarer. Nothing so fair, so pure, and at the same time so large as a lake, perchance, lies on the surface of the earth. It needs no fence. Nations come and go without defiling it.

It is a mirror which no stone can crack, whose quicksilver will never wear off, whose gilding Nature continually repairs; no storms, no dust, can dim its surface ever fresh; a mirror in which all impurity presented to it sinks, swept and dusted by the sun's hazy brush, — this the light dust-cloth, — which retains no breath that is breathed on it, but sends its own to float as clouds high above its surface and be reflected in its bosom still.

2. A field of water betrays the spirit that is in the air. It is continually receiving new life and motion from above. It is intermediate in its nature between land and sky. On land only the grass and trees wave, but the water itself is rippled by the wind. I see where the breeze dashes across it by the streaks or flakes of light. It is remarkable that we can look down on its surface. We shall, perhaps, look down thus on the surface of air at length and mark where a subtler spirit sweeps over it.

One November afternoon, in the calm at the end of a rainstorm of several days' duration, when the sky was completely overcast and the air was full of mist, I observed that the pond was remarkably smooth, so that it was difficult to distinguish its surface; though it no longer reflected the bright tints of October, but the sad, somber November colors of the surrounding hills.

3. Though I passed over it as gently as possible, the slight undulations produced by my boat extended almost as far as I could see, and gave a ribbed appearance to the reflections. But, as I looked over the surface, I saw here and there at a distance, a faint glimmer, as if some skater insects which had escaped the frosts might be collected there, or, perchance, the surface, being so smooth, betrayed where a spring welled up from the bottom.

4. Paddling gently to one of these places, I was surprised to find myself surrounded by myriads of small perch, about five inches long, of a rich bronze color in the green water, sporting there and constantly rising to the surface and dimpling it, sometimes leaving bubbles on it. In such transparent and seemingly bottomless water, reflecting the clouds, I seemed to be floating through the air as in a balloon, and their swimming impressed me as a kind of flight or hovering, as if they were a compact flock of birds passing just beneath my level on the right or left, their fins, like sails, set all around them.

There were many such schools in the pond, apparently improving the short season before winter would draw an icy shutter over their broad skylight, sometimes giving to the surface an appearance as if a slight breeze struck it, or a few raindrops fell there. When I approached carelessly and alarmed them, they made a sudden splash and rippling with their tails, as if one had struck the water with a brushy bough, and instantly took refuge in the depths.

5. Even as late as the 5th of December, one year, I saw some dimples on the surface, and thinking it was going to rain hard immediately, the air being full of mist, I made haste to take my place at the oars and row homeward; already the rain seemed rapidly increasing, though I felt none on my cheek, and I anticipated a thorough soaking. But suddenly the dimples ceased, for they were produced by the perch, which the noise of my oars had scared into the depths, and I saw their schools rapidly disappearing; so I spent a dry afternoon after all.

6. An old man who used to frequent this pond nearly sixty years ago, when it was dark with surrounding forests, tells me that in those days he sometimes saw it all alive with ducks and other waterfowl, and that there were many eagles about it. He came here a-fishing and used an old log canoe which he found on the shore. It was made of two white-pine logs dug out and pinned together, and was cut off square at the ends.

It was very clumsy, but lasted a great many years before it became water-logged and sank to the bottom. He did not know whose it was ; it belonged to the pond.

He used to make a cable for his anchor, of strips of hickory bark tied together. An old man, a potter, who lived by the pond before the Revolution, told him once that there was an iron chest at the bottom, and that he had seen it. Sometimes it would come floating up to the shore ; but when you went toward it, it would go back into deep water and disappear.

7. I was pleased to hear of the old log canoe, which took the place of an Indian one of the same material but more graceful construction, which perchance had first been a tree on the bank, and then, as it were, fell into the water, to float there for a generation, the most proper vessel for the lake.

THE PUPPET SHOW.

JOHANN WOLFGANG VON GOETHE.

JOHANN WOLFGANG VON GOETHE, one of the greatest writers that Germany has ever produced, was born at Frankfort-on-the-Main, August 28, 1749.

Goethe attended no school during his early years, but his surroundings were an education, and his father and mother encouraged him in reading and studying the books with which their home was filled.

During the Seven Years' War there were many French soldiers at Frankfort, and they greatly influenced the boy. From them he learned passages from plays, and soon became well versed in the French language.

When he was sixteen, Goethe entered the university at Leipsic. His father sent him there to study law, but he had already decided to devote himself to literature. He also became interested in art and studied drawing, for which he had considerable talent. He remained there three years and then went to Strasburg, entering the university.



At this time he made the acquaintance of a noted German scholar and thinker, who taught him the true value of nature in art, and revealed to him the beauty of classic and English literature.

Goethe returned to Frankfort on his twenty-second birthday. His sister Cornelia sympathized with him in all his hopes and aspirations, but he had outgrown many of the friends of his boyhood. He spent his time in writing, and produced a number of poems and several essays; but one of his greatest works was a drama founded on the history of Gottfried, the imperial knight of the Middle Ages, and was called "Götz von Berlichingen." This work was received with enthusiasm throughout Germany. It was like a trumpet call, appealing to the courage and chivalry of the German spirit.

The following spring Goethe left Frankfort for Wetzlar, and while there wrote "Werther." "Götz" and "Werther" were read from one end of Germany to the other. "Werther" was translated into every language in Europe.

Beside these two works, Goethe translated Goldsmith's "Deserted Village," and wrote a number of poems. His literary

success brought the young author a large number of friends, among them the Grand Duke of Saxe-Weimar. Goethe accepted the duke's invitation to visit his little capital. He was treated as an honored guest and won the affection of all. The duke gave him a little home near his palace, where he lived during the next eight years.

After a time Goethe returned to Weimar and devoted his time to writing history. He also began to write "Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship," which is filled with scenes from his own life. In 1821 "Wilhelm Meister's Travels" appeared. These books are filled with truth, beauty, and life, and stand in the first ranks of the author's works.

For many years he had had the story of "Faust" in his mind. The first part was published when he was sixty years old, in company with a thirteen-volume edition of his works. This was the crowning effort of Goethe's life and the greatest of his works. The second part of "Faust" was written after the poet had passed his seventieth birthday, and when it was completed Goethe felt that his life work was over.

His death occurred on the 15th of March, 1832.

mÿs tē'rī ōŭs

liēû tēn'ant

û năn'ī moŭs

ēd'ī fiç eş

rēc ī tā'tiōn_(sh)

ăp pā rā'tŭs

īm pēr'tī nenç

ăs pīr'ant

1. I NEVER can forget that happy Christmas day. I see it still before me. I remember how surprised we were when, after we had received our customary presents, mother seated us before the door that leads to the other room. The door opened, but not, as formerly, to

let us pass ; the entrance was occupied by an unexpected show.

Within it rose a porch concealed by a mysterious curtain. All of us were standing at a distance ; our eagerness to see what glittering or jingling article lay hid behind the half-transparent veil was mounting higher and higher, when we were told to sit down and wait with patience.

2. At length we were all seated and silent ; a whistle gave the signal ; the curtain rolled aloft and showed us the interior of the temple, painted in deep red colors. The high-priest Samuel appeared with Jonathan, and their strange voices seemed to me the most striking thing on earth.

Shortly after, Saul entered, overwhelmed with confusion at the impertinence of that giant warrior who had defied him and all his people. How glad I was when the valiant young son of Jesse, with his shepherd's pouch and sling, came forth and said : " Dread king and sovereign lord ! let no one's heart sink down because of this. If your Majesty will give me leave, I will go out to battle with this blustering giant."

3. Here ended the first act ; leaving the spectators more curious than ever to see what further would happen, and wishing that the music might soon be done. At last the curtain rose again. David devoted the flesh of the

monster to the fowls of the air and the beasts of the field; the Philistine scorned and bullied him, stamped mightily with his feet, and at length fell like a mass of clay, affording a splendid ending for the piece. And then the maidens sang: "Saul has slain his thousands, but David his ten thousands!" The giant's head was borne before his little victor.

Next morning, alas! the magic apparatus had vanished; the mysterious veil was carried away. My brothers and sisters were running up and down with their playthings; I alone kept gliding to and fro; it seemed to me impossible that two bare doorposts could be all that now remained, where the night before so much enchantment had displayed itself.

4. "I can easily imagine," said the mother, "how these things should lodge so firmly in your mind; I well remember what an interest you took in them; how you found the book and learned the whole piece by heart. I then felt such a motherly contentment at your fine recitation and good memory that I resolved to give the whole wooden troop to your own disposal."

By good fortune this happened at a time when the lieutenant — a young officer who had made this little theater himself and presented it to us children — had himself been expressing a desire to initiate me into the mysteries of the art. He now contrived to persuade my

parents to offer him the use of two chambers in the top story of the house, that he might accommodate the spectators in one, while the other held his actors.

5. At last the wished-for day arrived. At five in the evening my instructor came and took me upstairs with him. Trembling with joy, I entered and beheld on both sides of the framework the puppets all hanging in order, as they were to advance to view.

I considered them carefully, mounted the steps which raised them above the scene, and hovered aloft above that little world. Not without reverence did I look down between the pieces of board and recollect what a glorious effect the whole would produce, and feel into what mighty secrets I was now admitted. We made a trial which succeeded well.

6. A party of children were invited on the next day. We performed rarely, except that once, in the fire of action, I let poor Jonathan fall, and was obliged to reach down with my hand and pick him up again; an accident which sadly marred the illusion, produced a peal of laughter, and vexed me greatly. My father, however, seemed to relish this misfortune not a little. Prudently hiding his contentment at the expertness of his little boy, after the piece was finished he dwelt on the mistakes we had committed, saying it would all have been very pretty had not this or that gone wrong with us.

I was vexed to the heart at these things and sad for all the evening. By next morning, however, I had quite slept off my sorrow and was blest in the persuasion that, but for this one fault, I had played delightfully. The spectators also flattered me with their unanimous approval; they all maintained that though the lieutenant, in regard to the coarse and the fine voices, had done great things, yet his declamation was in general too stiff and affected; whereas the new aspirant spoke his Jonathan and David with exquisite grace. My mother in particular commended the gallant tone in which I had challenged Goliath and acted the modest victor before the king.

7. From this time, to my extreme delight, the theater continued open; and as the spring advanced, so that fires could be dispensed with, I passed all my hours of recreation lying in the garret and making the puppets caper and play together.

Often I invited my comrades, or my brothers and sisters; but when they would not come, I stayed by myself. My imagination brooded over that tiny world. My greatest pleasure lay in the inventive part and the employment of my fancy. But it happened with me as it often happens with children; they embrace wide plans, make mighty preparations, then a few trials, and the whole undertaking is abandoned.

8. This or that piece inspired me with interest for a

few scenes of it, and immediately I set about providing new costumes suitable for the occasion. I surrendered myself to my imagination; I rehearsed and prepared forever; built a thousand castles in the air, and saw not that I was at the same time undermining the foundations of these little edifices.

From "Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship."

THE DESCENT INTO THE MAELSTROM.

(Abridged.)

EDGAR ALLAN POE.

EDGAR ALLAN POE was born in Boston on the 19th of January, 1809. His father and mother were actors and died in Richmond, Va., when Edgar was but two years old.

The beauty and attractive manners of the boy won the attention of Mr. John Allan, a wealthy gentleman living at Richmond, and he adopted the little fellow.

Edgar was an interesting child, bright, loving, and generous. He was dressed like a little prince and had his own pony and dogs and a groom, with whom he rode every day. He soon showed a love of poetry and repeated long passages to visitors with such appreciation of their meaning as to delight his hearers. At the age of eleven Edgar attended a school at Richmond. He was a very apt



pupil, progressing rapidly in Latin and Greek, and showing a deep love of poetry. He began to write poems to his girl playmates before he was ten years old.

His schoolmates found him a brave, unselfish boy, championing those who were weak, and taking many a hard blow in defending his friends.

After leaving this school, Poe entered the University of Virginia, and was a successful student during his year there. While at college he had engaged in gambling, and when Mr. Allan learned of debts of this kind he refused to pay them. Edgar then left him in anger, going to the home of his father's sister, Mrs. Clemm.

Upon the death of his adopted mother, he hastened to his childhood's home. Mr. Allan became reconciled to him and obtained for him a West Point scholarship. He entered the military school when he was twenty-one, and for a time was a diligent student; but he became restless and determined to leave. Mr. Allan would not consent to this, but Poe neglected his duties and conducted himself in so disorderly a manner that he was expelled.

He returned to Richmond for a while and then enlisted in the army, but was taken ill, and his friends procured his discharge.

About the year 1832 a Baltimore paper called "The Saturday Visitor" offered two prizes — one for the best tale and the other for the best poem.

Poe sent a poem and a number of tales which so fascinated the judges that it was with difficulty that they decided upon one. "The Descent into the Maelstrom" was at first chosen, but "A MS. Found in a Bottle" was finally preferred, and received the hundred-dollar prize.

Poe spent several years in Baltimore, writing for periodicals, but after a time went to New York and accepted the invitation of some literary men to join them in editing a paper. After a year in New York, Poe removed to Philadelphia and became editor of a magazine. Some of his best prose tales were written at this time, among them "Ligeia," which was inspired by a dream.

He was married in Baltimore to his cousin, Virginia Clemm. Their home was a happy one, and the poet was devoted to his wife, who was an invalid. In his poem "Annabel Lee" he touchingly describes her loving character. He returned to New York, and it was there that "The Raven," his greatest poem, was written. The fame gained by its publication assisted him in bringing out a new edition of his poetry and two volumes of tales.

In 1846 Poe removed to Fordham, N. Y., where he lived in a picturesque little cottage at the top of a hill. He was greatly saddened by the illness of his wife and his poverty.

The last year of Poe's life was filled with dark scenes, and he died at Baltimore on the 7th of October, 1849.

māel'stróm
gŷ rā'tiōnš
à bŷss'^(sh)
vē lōç'ĩ tŷ

prāi'rĭe
dī ām'ě těr
ěx traô'r'dĩ nă rŷ
prě çp'ĩ tăt ęd

1. WE had now reached the summit of the loftiest crag. For some minutes the old man seemed too much exhausted to speak.

"Not long ago," said he at length, "I could have guided you on this route as well as the youngest of my sons; but, about three years past, there happened to me an event such as never happened before to mortal man, — or at least such as no man ever survived to tell of, — and the six hours of deadly terror which I then endured have broken me up body and soul. Do you know I can scarcely look over this little cliff without getting giddy?"

“We are now,” he continued, “upon the Norwegian coast. The mountain upon whose top we sit is Helseggen, the Cloudy. Now raise yourself up a little higher — hold on to the grass if you feel giddy — so — and look out, beyond the belt of vapor beneath us into the sea.”

2. I looked dizzily, and beheld a wide expanse of ocean. To the right and left, as far as the eye could reach, there lay outstretched, lines of black and beetling cliff.

“Do you hear anything? Do you see any change in the water?” exclaimed the old man.

As he spoke I became aware of a loud and gradually increasing sound, like the moaning of a vast herd of buffaloes upon an American prairie. In five minutes the whole sea was lashed into ungovernable fury; but it was between Moskoe and the coast that the main uproar held its sway. Here the vast bed of the waters burst suddenly into frenzied convulsion, — heaving, boiling, hissing, — and all whirling and plunging on to the eastward.

3. The edge of the whirl, which was more than a mile in diameter, was represented by a broad belt of gleaming spray; but no particle of this slipped into the mouth of the terrific funnel, whose interior, as far as the eye could fathom it, was a smooth, shining, and jet-black wall of water, speeding dizzily round and round, and sending forth to the winds an appalling voice, half shriek, half

roar, such as not even the mighty cataract of Niagara ever lifts up in its agony to Heaven.

The mountain trembled to its very base.

"This," I cried, "this can be nothing else than the great whirlpool of the Maelstrom!"

"So it is sometimes termed," said he. "We Norwegians call it the Moskoe-ström, from the island of Moskoe in the midway.

4. "Myself and my two brothers once owned a schooner-rigged smack of about seventy tons burden, with which we were in the habit of fishing among the islands beyond Moskoe.

"It is now within a few days of three years since what I am going to tell you occurred. It was on the 10th of July, 18—. The three of us—my two brothers and myself—had crossed over to the islands about two o'clock P.M., and soon nearly loaded the smack with fine fish. It was just seven, *by my watch*, when we weighed and started for home, so as to make the worst of the Ström at slack-water, which we knew would be at eight.

5. "We set out with a fresh wind at our starboard quarter, and for some time sped along at a great rate, never dreaming of danger. All at once we were taken aback by a breeze from over Helseggen. We put the boat on the wind, but could make no headway at all for the eddies, and I was on the point of proposing

to return to the anchorage, when, looking astern, we saw the whole horizon covered with a singular copper-colored cloud that rose with the most amazing velocity.

“In less than a minute the storm was upon us; in less than two the sky was entirely overcast; and what with this and the driving spray, it became suddenly so dark that we could not see each other in the smack.

“Such a hurricane as then blew it is folly to attempt describing. At the first puff, both our masts went by the board as if they had been sawed off—the mainmast taking with it my youngest brother, who had lashed himself to it for safety.

6. “For some moments we were completely deluged, but presently our little boat gave herself a shake, just as a dog does in coming out of the water, and thus rid herself, in some measure, of the seas. I was now trying to get the better of the stupor that had come over me, and to collect my senses so as to see what was to be done, when I felt somebody grasp my arm. It was my elder brother, and my heart leaped for joy, for I had felt sure that he was overboard; but the next moment all this joy was turned into horror, for he put his mouth close to my ear and screamed out the word ‘Moskoe-ström!’

“I knew what he meant by that one word well enough—I knew what he wished to make me understand. With

the wind that now drove us on, we were bound for the whirl of the Ström and nothing could save us !

7. "A singular change had come over the heavens. Around in every direction it was still as black as pitch, but nearly overhead there burst out, all at once, a circular rift of clear sky—as clear as I ever saw—and of a deep, bright blue—and through it there blazed forth the full moon with a luster that I never before knew her to wear. She lit up everything about us with the greatest distinctness—but oh, what a scene it was to light up !

"A hideous thought flashed upon me. I dragged my watch from its fob. It was not going. I glanced at its face by the moonlight, and then burst into tears as I flung it far away into the ocean. It had run down at *seven o'clock* ! We were behind the time of the slack, and the whirl of the Ström was in full fury !

8. "So far we had ridden the swells very cleverly ; but presently a gigantic sea happened to take us right under the counter, and bore us with it as it rose—up—up—as if into the sky. I would not have believed that any wave could rise so high. And then down we came with a sweep, a slide, and a plunge that made me feel sick and dizzy, as if I were falling from some lofty mountain-top in a dream. But while we were up I had thrown a quick glance around ; and that one glance was all-sufficient. I saw our exact position in an instant. The

Moskoe-ström whirlpool was about a quarter of a mile dead ahead—but no more like the everyday Moskoe-ström than the whirl as you now see it is like a mill race.

“It could not have been more than two minutes afterward when we suddenly felt the waves subside and were enveloped in foam. We were now in the belt of surf that always surrounds the whirl; and I thought, of course, that another moment would plunge us into the abyss.

9. “It may appear strange, but now, when we were in the very jaws of the gulf, I felt more composed than when we were only approaching it. I began to reflect how magnificent a thing it was to die in such a manner, and how foolish it was in me to think of so paltry a consideration as my own individual life, in view of so wonderful a manifestation of God’s power. After a little while I became possessed with the keenest curiosity about the whirl itself. I positively felt a wish to explore its depths, even at the sacrifice I was going to make.

“We careered round and round for perhaps an hour, flying rather than floating, going gradually more and more into the middle of the surge, and then nearer and nearer to its horrible inner edge. Suddenly we gave a wild lurch to starboard and rushed headlong into the abyss.

10. “Never shall I forget the sensations of awe, horror, and admiration with which I gazed about me. The boat

appeared to be hanging, as if by magic, midway down, upon the interior surface of a funnel vast and deep, whose perfectly smooth sides might have been mistaken for ebony, but for the bewildering rapidity with which they spun around, and for the gleaming and ghastly radiance they shot forth, as the rays of the full moon from that circular rift amid the clouds which I have already described streamed in a flood of golden glory along the black walls, and far away down into the inmost recesses of the abyss.

“The rays of the moon seemed to search the very bottom of the profound gulf, over which there hung a magnificent rainbow.

11. “Both above and below us were visible fragments of vessels, large masses of building timber, and trunks of trees, with many smaller articles. I called to mind the great variety of buoyant matter that strewed the coast of Lofoden, having been absorbed and then thrown forth by the Moskoe-ström. By far the greater number of the articles were shattered in the most extraordinary way; but then I distinctly recollected that there were some of them which were not disfigured at all.

“I resolved to lash myself securely to a water cask, to cut it loose, and to throw myself with it into the water. I tried to induce my brother to do likewise, but he shook his head despairingly and refused to move. The emergency admitted of no delay; and so with a bitter struggle

I resigned him to his fate, fastened myself to the cask, and precipitated myself with it into the sea, without another moment's hesitation.

12. "The result was precisely what I had hoped it might be. It might have been an hour, or thereabout, after my quitting the smack, when, having descended to a vast distance beneath me, it made three or four wild gyrations in rapid succession, and, bearing my loved brother with it, plunged headlong, at once and forever, into the chaos of foam below. The barrel to which I was attached sank very little farther than half the distance between the bottom of the gulf and the spot at which I leaped overboard, before a great change took place in the character of the whirlpool. The slope of the sides of the vast funnel became less and less steep. The gyrations of the whirl grew gradually less and less violent. By degrees the froth and the rainbow disappeared, and the bottom of the gulf seemed slowly to uprise. The sky was clear, the winds had gone down, and the full moon was setting radiantly in the west, when I found myself on the surface of the ocean, in full view of the shores of Lofoden, and above the spot where the pool of the Moskoe-ström had been. I was borne violently into the channel of the Ström, and in a few minutes was hurried down the coast into the grounds of the fishermen, where a boat picked me up."

GUIDE TO PRONUNCIATION.

A key to the symbols most of which are used in this Reader to indicate the pronunciation of the more difficult words.

I. VOWELS.

ā as in fāte	â as in câre	î as in îdea	ōō as in fōōd
ă " senāte	ē " mēte	ī " ît	ōō " fōōt
â " fât	ê " êvent	î " sîr	û " ûse
ă " ârm	è " mêt	ō " ôld	û " ûnite
â " all	ē " hēr	ô " ôbey	û " ûp
ă " ask	î " ice	ô " nôt	û " fûr

II. EQUIVALENTS.

ə = ô as in what	ɔ = ôô as in wolf	u = ôô as in pull
ê = â " thêre	ó = û " sôn	ÿ = î " flÿ
î = ē " gîrl	ô = ă " hôrse	ÿ = î " babÿ
ɔ = ôô " move	u = ôô " rule	

III. CONSONANTS.

Only the most difficult consonants in this Reader are marked with diacritical signs. The following table may prove useful to the teacher for reference and for blackboard work.

ç = 's as in miçe	th (unmarked) as in thin
ç or c (unmarked) = k as in eall	ph = f " phantom
eh = k as in sehōol	ſ = z " is
ch (unmarked) " child	z (like s sonant) " zone
ġ like j " cāge	qu (unmarked) " quite
ġ (hard) " ġêt	ſ = gz " exact
ñ = ng " ñnk	x (unmarked) = ks " vex
tîr " tîrēm	

Certain vowels, as *a* and *e*, when obscured and turned toward the neutral sound, are marked thus, *ă*, *ê*, etc. Silent letters are italicized.

WORD LIST.



THE following is an alphabetical list of the most difficult words used in this Reader.

Many of the less difficult words that have been used in the previous Readers of the series are omitted.

This list may be made the basis of a great variety of exercises in correct pronunciation, distinct enunciation, rapid spelling, language lessons, and review work.

For an explanation of the diacritical marks, see preceding page.

The syllable *tion* is not re-spelled in this list, but wherever it occurs should be pronounced *shŭn*.

à bǎn' dóned	ăc tīv' ĭtŷ	ăl lūd' ěd
ăb' jěct	ăe' tŭ ăl lŷ	ălms' house
ăb rūpt' lŷ	ă dăpt'	ăl těr' nă tĭve
ă bŷss'	ăd hěr' ent	ăm phŷ thē' ă těr
ăc ċept' anċe	ăd mŷ rā' tion	ăn' ċes tor
ăc' ċĭ dent	ă dŏpt' ěd	ăn' ehŏ răċe
ăc côm' mŏ dāte	ăd' věr tĭŷ ĩng	ăn' guĭsh
ăc côm' pă nĭed	ăf firmed'	(w)
ăc côm' plĭsh	ă ģhăst'	ăn' ĭ mâte
ăc cŭs' tŏmed	ă ģĭl' ĭtŷ	ăn' nŭ ăl lŷ
ă chiĕve'	ă lăc' rĭ tŷ	ăn tĭċ' ĭ păt ěd
ăc quăint' anċe	ă lġht' ěd	ăn tique'
		(ak)

ăp' à thỹ
 à pöl' ô gét' ỹc al lỹ
 ăp pāl' ỹng
 ăp pā rā' tũs
 ăp pâr' ent lỹ
 ăp pā rĩ' tion
 ăp pēar' ançe
 ăp' pē tĩte
 ăp plaud'
 ăp prē cĩ ā' tion
 (sh)

ăp prēn' tĩçe shĩp
 ăp prōached'
 ăr bũ' tũs
 ăr' dent
 à rē' nā
 ăr' tĩ cle
 ăr tĩ fĩ' cial
 (sh)

ăs çend' ęd
 ăs çent'
 ăs çēr tain'
 à slant'
 ăs pĩr' ant
 ăs pĩ rā' tionsỹ
 ăs sēm' blāge
 ăs sēm' blỹ
 ăs sēnts'
 ăs sĩst' ançe
 ăs sō' cĩ āt ęd
 (sh)

ăs sur' ançe
 (sh)
 ăs trōn' ô mēr
 à thwart'
 ăt tained'
 ăt' tĩ tũde
 au' dĩ ençe
 au' gērsỹ
 aus tēre'
 au' thorsỹ
 au tũm' nal
 ăv' ế nũe
 à vērred'
 à void' ęd

bāl' ançe
 bāl' ladsỹ
 bà rouche'
 (s)
 bār rĩ eāde'
 bār' rĩ ēr
 bē còm' ỹng
 bēet' lĩng
 bē gũil' ỹng
 bēl' lōws
 bēn' ế fĩt
 bē sēech' ỹng
 bē wĩl' dēred
 bē wĩtched'
 blōtch' ęsỹ
 bōd' ỹ guārd

bōs' òm
 brāg' gart
 breech' ęsỹ
 (n)
 brĩl' liançe
 (y)
 bul' warks
 bur' ỹ al
 (s)
 bush' ęsỹ
 butch' ēr

cǎb' bǎg ęsỹ
 cǎd' dĩs
 cǎl' ỹ cō
 cǎ nǎ' rỹ
 cǎn' nĩ balỹ
 cǎn' nòn
 cǎn' ô pỹ
 cǎ' pēr ỹng
 cǎp' ỹ tal
 cǎp' tain
 cǎp' tĩve
 cǎr' bĩne
 cǎ rēered'
 cǎ rēss'
 cǎ rouse'
 cǎsques
 (k)
 cǎt' à rǎct
 cǎu' tiouĩs lỹ
 (sh)
 cǎv à liēr'

căv' al rŷ man
 çěl' ăn dīne
 çěl' ẽ brăt ẽd
 çěl' ẽr ỹ
 çẽn' tũ rŷ
 çēr' taĩn lŷ
 chałk' ĩng
 chăł' lěnged
 chăm' pĩ ỏn ĩng
 chăn' nẻl
 ehăř' ăc tẻr ized
 chăr' gẻr
 chẻer' ĩ lŷ
 chẻr' ỉshed
 chĩm' neỹ
 chĩv' al rŷ
 (s)
 ehỏrdŷ
 ehỏr' rŷs
 çĩv' ĩl ized
 clăř' ĩ fied
 clăy tỏ' nỉ ă
 clẻr' gŷy man
 clŷs' tẻred
 cỏf' fẻe
 cỏl' lẻge
 cỏl' liẻrŷ
 (r)
 cỏl' ỏ nỉsts
 cỏl' ỏred
 cỏm' fort ă ble

cỏm mẻng' ĩng
 cỏm mỉs' sỉon ẻrŷ
 (sh)
 cỏm păn' iỏnŷ
 (r)
 cỏm' pass ẻŷ
 cỏm păs' sỉon
 (sh)
 cỏm plăint'
 cỏm prẻ hẻnd' ẻd
 cỏm' răde
 cỏn çẻrn' ĩng
 cỏn fined'
 cỏn gẻaled'
 cỏn grăt tũ lă' tions
 cỏn' jŷr ẻr
 cỏn' quẻr ỏr
 (k)
 cỏn' sciẻnce
 (sh)
 cỏn' sẻ crăte
 cỏn sỉd' ẻr
 cỏn sỉgned'
 cỏn sỏle'
 cỏn stẻl lă' tion
 cỏn' sti tũt ĩng
 cỏn strŷc' tion
 cỏn tẻmned'
 cỏn tẻmpt'
 cỏn tẻnt' mẻnt
 cỏn' tỉ nẻnt
 cỏn vey' ănce
 (s)

cỏn vŷlsed'
 cỏn vŷl' sỉon
 (sh)
 cỏn vŷl' sỉve
 cỏ rỏl' lă
 cỏr rẻ spỏnd' ĩng
 cỏr rỏh' ỏ răt ẻd
 cỏs' tŷme
 cỏughed
 (n)
 coun' çĩl
 coun' sẻl ỏr
 cỏurs' ĩng
 cỏủr' tẻ sŷ
 cỏv' ẻr lỉdŷ
 cỏw' ard ỉẻe
 cỏx' cỏmb
 crăn' bẻr rŷ
 cređ' ỉt ă blŷ
 crĩm' ĩ nal
 crĩ' sỉs
 crĩt' ỉc ăl
 crỏc' ỏ dỉle
 cruỉse
 crŷtch' ẻŷ
 crŷs' tal lỉze
 cŷ rỉ ỏs' ĩ tŷ
 cŷr' rant
 đăf' fỏ dỉl
 đăin' tỉ lŷ

dān' gēr ous
dāunt' lēss lŷ
dēbt' orŷ
dēc lā mā' tion
dēc lā rā' tion
dēc' ô rāt ęd
dēd ĩ cā' tion
dē grād' ęd
dē līb' ēr āt ĩng
dēl' ĩ cāte
dē lī' cioūs
(ah)
dē' mōnŷ
dē scrip' tionŷ
dē scrŷ'
dē sĭgn'
dēs' ĩg nāt ęd
dē spīsed'
dēs tī nā' tion
dē tēr' mīned
dī ām' ē tēr
dīl' ĩ ġent
dī mīn' ĩsh
dīs ā' bled
dīs ā grēe' ā ble
dīs cōn tēt' ęd
dīs cōūr' āged
dīs cūss' ĩng
dī shēv' elēd
dīs mount' ęd

dīs pōsed'
dīs pō sŷ' tion
dīs qual' ĩ fīed
dīs sōlved'
dīs tīnct' lŷ
dīs tīnct' nēss
dīs tīn' guīshed
(w)
dī vēr' sī fīed
dī vīd' ęd
dī vīne'
dīz' zī lŷ
dō mēs' tīc
dōūb' lēts
drā gōon'
drāp' ēr ŷ
draught
(n)
drēar' ŷ
drow' sŷ
dry' ād
dū' bī ous lŷ
dū rā' tion
dwārŷ
ēa' gēr lŷ
ēa' glēt
ē cōn' ô mŷ
ēe' sta sŷ
ęd' dŷ ĩng
ęd' ĩ fīc ēŷ

ęd tī cā' tion
ē lāb' ô rāte
ē lās tīc' ĩ tŷ
ēl' ē gant
ēl' ē mēt
ēl' ē phants

ēl' ô quēt
ē mēr' ġen cŷ
ēm' ĩ nēnġe
ē mīt'
ē mō' tion
ēm' pēr orŷ
ēmp' tīed
ēn ām' ōred
ēn cāmped'
ēn cīr' cled
ēn cōūr' āg ĩng lŷ
ēn dān' gēr
ēn dēar' mēnts
ēn dēav' or
ēn' ēr ġīeŷ
ē nōr' moūs
ēn rōlled'
ēn' tēr prīse
ēn trānġed'
ēn trēat' ęd
ēn vėl' ōped
ē quā' tor
ē quīpped'

ẽ rūp' tion
 ẽs cāped'
 ẽs cōrt' ẽd
 ẽ tẽr' nĩ tỹ
 ẽ vāp' ỏ rāt ẽd
 ẽ vẽnt' ful
 ẽv' ỉ dent lý
 ẽx ăct' lý
 ẽx ăm' ple
 ẽx ẵed' ỉng lý
 ẽx' ẵel lent
 ẽx ẵess'
 ẽx clāimed'
 ẽx clūd' ẽd
 ẽx cūr' sions
 (sh)
 ẽx ẽ cūr' tion
 ẽx pẽ dĩ' tion
 ẽx pẽr' ỉ ment
 ẽx pẽrt' nẽss
 ẽx plā nā' tion
 ẽx traōr' dĩ nā rỹ
 ẽx' trĩ cāte
 ẽx ũlt' ẽd

 fāir' ỉ lý
 fā' eon
 fā' tẽr ỉng
 fā mĩ iār' ỉ tỹ
 (v)
 fār' rĩ ẽrẽ

fās' ẵĩ nāt ẽd
 fā tāl' ỉ tỹ
 fāth' ỏm
 fā tigueđ'
 (s)
 fāun
 fā' vor a ble
 fā' vor ỉte
 fẽath' ẽr ỹ
 feigned
 (s)
 fẽl' ỏn
 fẽr' tĩle
 fĩc' tion
 fĩ dĩl' ỉ tỹ
 fiẽnd' ỉsh
 fĩg' ừe
 fĩs' sũrẽ
 (sh)
 floun' dĩred
 floũr' ỉsh
 flũt' tẽr ỉng
 fō' lĩ ẵẽ
 fōr' ẵẽ
 fōre' lỏck
 fōr' tũ nāte
 foun dĩ' tion
 foun' dĩred
 frăc' tũre
 frā' grẵẽ
 frănes

frẽn' zĩed
 frẽ quẽnt' ẽd
 frẽ' quẽnt lý
 fũ' nẽr ẵ
 fũr' kỏng

 gā' bles
 găm' bỗ ỉng
 gār' rết
 gaur' ỹ
 gẽn' ẽr ỏũs
 gẽn' iũs
 (v)
 gẽ ỏg' rā phỹ

 gẽs' tũre
 ghăst' lý
 gĩ gẵ' tĩc
 glĩs' tened
 gnawed
 gỏv' ẽrn ment
 grăđ' tũ ẵ lý
 grăt' ỉ tũde
 grăv' ỉ tỹ
 grew' sỏme
 (n)
 grĩz' zled
 grỏ' ẵẽr ỉẽ
 guărd' ỉ ẵ
 gỹp' sỹ
 gỹ rā' tions

hăg' gard
hănd' kër chîef
hà rangu' ing
här' mô ný
hărch' ęts
hăunt' ing
hěath' ęr
hěav' en lý
hědge' rōw
hēm' lõck
hěr' ít áge
hěr' mît áge
hě rō' ic
hěş i tã' tion
hĩck' ô rý
hĩd' ę oũs
hĩll' óck
hĩs tō' rĩ an
hōarse
hōl' i dāy
hōn' ored
hōrde
hō rĩ' zón
hōs' pĩ ta ble
hōs' těl
hōs' těl rĩęş
hōv' ęr ing
hūr' rĩ cāne
hýp' ô crĩte

ĩęe' bęrgş
ĩ' ęĩ cleş
ĩ dęn' tĩ tý
ĩ' dýlş
ĩl lū' sion
(zh)
ĩm' áge
ĩm ág i nã' tion
ĩm' i tãt ing
ĩm mē' dĩ áte lý
ĩm męnse'
ĩm mōr tãl' i tý
ĩm pãs' sĩve lý
ĩm pã' tient
(sh)
ĩm pěr' tĩ nęnce
ĩm' plę ments
ĩm plięş'
ĩm pôr' tant
ĩm pręs' sion
(sh)
ĩm' pũ dęnce
ĩn ăn' i mâte
ĩn ău' gũ ral
ĩn cręased'
ĩn dĩf' fěr ent
ĩn dĩg' nant
ĩn dĩ vĩd' ù ăl
ĩn dũęed'
ĩn dũlg' ing
ĩn dũs' trĩ oũs

ĩn ęf' fa ble
ĩn' fã mōũs
ĩn fē' rĩ or
ĩn' flũ ęnce
ĩn gũlf'
ĩn hăb' ít ęd
ĩn hěr' ít
ĩn i' tĩ áte
(sh)
ĩn' nõ ęęnce
ĩn nũ' měr a ble
ĩn quĩr' ing lý
ĩn quĩş' i tĩve
ĩn spĩred'
ĩn stal' ments
ĩn strũct'
ĩn strũct' or
ĩn sũr' gęnts
ĩn tẽn' sĩ tý
ĩn' těr ęst
ĩn tē' rĩ or
ĩn těr mē' dĩ áte
ĩn těr rōg' ă tĩve lý
ĩn těr rũp' tion
ĩn tĩ mã' tionş
ĩn tĩm' i däte
ĩn tōned'
ĩn trĩn' sĩc
ĩn trō dũęed'
ĩn tũ' i tĩve lý

ɪn' vā lɪd
 ɪn vā' rɪ a blɿ
 ɪn vɛnt' ɪve
 ɪn vɪ t̃ā' tions
 ɪn vɔl' ũn t̃ā rɿ
 ɪr rɛg ũ lār' ɪ t̃y
 ɪr' rɪ t̃a ble
 ɪ' sɪn glæss
 ɪs' land

jār' gɔn
 jāun' t̃y
 jəop' ard ỹ
 joûr' neỹ
 jō' vɪ al
 joy' ous
 jūn' ior
 jū' nɪ pēr

knāp' sǎck
 knōl

lā' bɔr ər
 lānd' scāpe
 lān' guāge
 lān' guɪd
 lā pēl'
 lāp' pēt̃s

lāps' ɛs
 lāt' t̃ɪce
 lɛg' a c̃y
 lēi' s̃t̃ure
 lēv' ɛled
 līb' ər t̃y
 liēge' man
 liēt̃ t̃en' ant
 lɪn' ɛn
 li quor
 lit' ər al
 lit' ər ā r̃y
 lit' ər ā t̃ure
 lithē
 lōach' ɛs
 lūl' lā biēs
 lūr̃k' ɪng
 lūs' t̃ɪ l̃y
 l̃yr' ɪc

māel' stròm
 mǎg ā zine'
 mǎg ñɪ f̃ɪ cent
 mǎin t̃ain'
 mǎ jēs' t̃ic
 mǎ l̃ig' ñɪ t̃y
 mǎn ɪ f̃es t̃ā' tion
 mǎn' siòn

mǎn' ũ script
 mār' g̃in
 mār' ɪ ñɛr̃s
 māt' tr̃ess ɛs
 mǎ t̃ur' ər
 mauve

mēl' ǎn ehōl ỹ
 mēl' ô d̃y
 mē mō' r̃ɪ al
 mēr' c̃e ñā r̃y
 mēre' l̃y
 mēn
 m̃in' str̃el s̃y
 m̃in ũ ɛt'
 m̃ɪ ñute'
 m̃ɪr' a cle
 m̃is' chiē voūs
 m̃is' ər a ble
 mōd ɪ f̃ɪ cā' tion
 mōn' areh
 mōn' stroūs
 mōn' ũ m̃ent
 moun' t̃ain ous
 m̃ur' d̃er ous
 m̃ur' m̃ur ɪng
 m̃u s̃ē ũm
 m̃u s̃ic al
 m̃us' ɪng l̃y
 m̃us' k̃et r̃y

mŷs tē' rī ōūs
mŷs' tēr ŷ

nă' tion al
năt' ū ral
năt' ū ral ists
nēc' ēs sã rŷ
nēc' lēct' ęd
neigh' borŷ
(a)

neighed
(a)

neph' ew
(t)

nēs' tled

niche

nū' mēr ōūs

nûrs' ēr ŷ măn

ô bliged'

ôb scûre'

ôb şēr vā' tionŷ

ôc cū pā' tion

ôc cūr' reŋç ęs

ôf' fī çērŷ

ôf' fī' cial lŷ
(sh)

ô' pī ūm

ôp' pō şite

ôr' âŋç ęs

ô rā' tion

ou' şel

ô vēr whēlmed'
oys' tēr

păç' ī fŷ

păğ' eant

păl' âç ęs

păl' ī sādē'

păl' lor

păm' phlēs

păn' tō mīme

pā rādē'

păr' â dise

pā răl' ŷ sīs

păr' â pēt

păr' rōts

păr' tī cle

pā thēt' īc

pā' thōs

pā' tiençe
(sh)

păt' rōn īz īŋg

pawŋ' brō kēr

pēa' cōck

pē cūl iăr' ī tŷ
(v)

pēn' al tŷ

pēn' ē trāt ęd

pēn' nī lēs

pēn' sion ērŷ
(sh)

pēr çēived'

pēr chàŋçe'

pēr' fūme

pē rī ôd' īc alŷ

pēr pēt' ū al lŷ

pēr sē vēr' ançe

pēr' sōn âç ęs

pēr tūrbed'

phī' al

phīl ô sōph' īc al

phrāşe

pīc tūr ęsque'
(x)

pī' gēon

pīl' lăged

pīn' iōn
(v)

pī ô nēer'

pīt' ē ōūs

pīth' ŷ

plăç' īd

plăid

plūme

pō ēt' īc al

pō lite' lŷ

pō lit' ī cal

pōp' ū lăçe

pōr' trāt

pōs' ī tīve lŷ

pōş şessed'

pōst' script

pò tā' tōeş
 prác' tīe
 praē' tōr
 prāi' rīe
 prayers
 prē' cioūs
 (sh)
 prēc' ī pīe
 prē ģip' ī tāt ēd
 prē dīc' a mēnt
 prēj' ū dīe
 prē līm' ī nā rŷ
 prē lūde
 prē pōš' ī tōr
 prēs' sure
 (sh)
 prē vāiled'
 prīn' ģī ple
 prīv' ī lēg ēş
 prō ģeed' īngş
 prō ģēs' sion
 (sh)
 prō clāim'
 prōd' ī gal
 prō fēs' sion
 (sh)
 prōm' ī nēnt
 prōmpt' lŷ
 prōv' īnċe
 pūb' lished
 pūnch' eonş
 pū' pīl

pūp' pēts
 pūr' ple
 pŷre
 quar' rēl
 quīv' ēred
 quō tā' tion
 rā' dī ant
 rāi' mēnt
 rāi' şinş
 rā pīd' ī tŷ
 rāp' tūre
 rē āc' tion
 rē āl' ī tŷ
 rē al ī zā' tion
 rē' al īzed
 rē būke'
 rē cāp' tūre
 rē ģēd' īng
 rē' ģent lŷ
 rē ģēp' tion
 rē ģēsş' ēş
 rēc' ī tā' tion
 rēc' lēss lŷ
 rēc ōl lēc' tionsş
 rēc' tō rŷ
 rēf ū ģēe'
 rēg' ī mēnt
 rēg' ū lar

rē hēars' al
 rein' dēer
 (ā)
 rē joiċ' īng
 rē joined'
 rē lā' tion
 rēl' īc
 rē lī' ģioūs
 rē lūc' tant
 rē mārķ' a ble
 rē mōd' ēled
 rēp rē şēnts'
 rē prōach' ful lŷ
 rēp' tīle
 rē pūlsed'
 rēs' cū īng
 rē şēm' bled
 rē şēnt' mēnt
 rēş ō lū' tion
 rē şounds'
 rē spēct' a ble
 rē spēct' ful
 rēs pī rā' tion
 rēş ūr rēc' tion
 rēv ē lā' tion
 rēv' ēlş
 rēv' ēr enċe
 rēv' ēr ent lŷ
 rē vīv' al
 rē vīved'

rīb' bōnş
rī dīc' ũ loūs
rīg' ɔr
rīng' lēts
rō būst'
rō mǎn' tīc
ru' bī cūnd
rūd' dī nēss

sā' crēd
sǎc' rī fīce
(z)
sāl' ā rỹ
sāl' ũ tā' tion
sā lūte'
sǎn' dālş
scald' ěd
scârçe' lỹ
scārġ
scēp' tēr
sehōl' ǎr shīp
sehōon' ěr
scowl
scrēech' īng
scythe
sēared
sēiz' īng
sēn ā tō' rī al
sēn sǎ' tion
sēn' sī tīve

sēn' trỹ
sē' rī ous lỹ
shāt' tēr īng
shawl
shēathes
shēer
shēp' hērd
shēr' īf
shiēld
shōw' dērş
shrüg' ġīng
sīg' nī fỹ
sīm plīç' ī tỹ
sīn' ew ỹ
(t)
sīn' ġū lar
sīn' īs tēr
sīt ũ ā' tion
skew' ěr
(u)
smōth' ěr
sōl' diēr
(j)
sōl' ī tā rỹ
sōl' ī tūde
sōr' rēl
sowş
sōv' ěr eīgn
spē' ciēs
(sh)
spēc' tā cleş
spēc' tā tōrş

splīn' tēred
spōn tā' nē ous
spōrt' īve
spūrned
squad
squal
squirm' īng
squir' rēlş
stalks
stār vā' tion
stī' fled
stīr' rūp
stōm' ǎeh
style
sūb lime' lỹ
sūb mīs' sion
(sh)
sūb scrīp' tion
sūb' sē quent
sūb sīd' ěd
sūbt' lēr
sūe çess' ful
sūe çes' sion
(sh)
sūf fiçe'
sūf' fō cāt' īng
sūğ ġēst' ěd
sū pēr nāt' ũ ral
sūr' fāçe
sūr' ġeōn
sūr' prīçe'

sûr vey'
(a)
sûr vey' or
(a)
sûs pect' ẽd
swoop
sýlph

sým' bõl iz ẽş
sým' pã thized
sýr' ıp

tãş i tûr' nĩ tỹ
tãl' ent
täunt
tẽn' dẽr lý
tẽr' rãş ẽş
tẽr' rĩ' ic
tẽr' rĩ fiẽd
thãtched
thẽ' à tẽr
thĩck' ẽt
thĩẽvẽş
thĩm' bled
thõr' õugh lý
thrẽsh' õld
throng
tĩ mĩd' i tỹ
tõ bãc' cõ
tõ mã' tõẽş
tõr' rent
tõur' ists

trãn quĩl' lĩ tỹ
trãns fõrmed'
trãns pãr' ent
trãv' ẽl ẽrş
trẽa' cle
trẽas' ùrẽş
(zh)
trẽl' lĩs
trẽ mẽn' doũs
trõ' phĩẽş

tûr' moil
twĩ' lĩght
twĩngẽ
týr' an nỹ

ũ nãn' i moũs
ũn ãs sũm' ینگ
ũn cõn' scioũs
(sh)
ũn cõuth'
ũn dẽ filed'
ũn dẽr mĩne'
ũn dũ lã' tionsĩ
ũn gõv' ẽrn a ble
ũ' nĩ fõrm
ũ' nĩ vẽrse
ũ nĩ vẽr' sĩ tỹ
ũn mĩs tãk' a ble
ũn põp' ù lar
ũn spẽak' a ble
ũn ù' sũ al
(zh)

ũn ùt' tẽr a ble
ũn wẽa' rĩẽd lý
ũr' chĩn
ũ su' rĩ oũs
(zh)

vã' cant lý
vãl' ù a ble
vã' porş
vã' rĩ oũs
vã' rỹ ینگ
vẽ lõc' i tỹ
vẽn' ẽr a ble
vẽn' tũre sỏme
vẽr' dĩct
vẽr sĩ fĩ cã' tion
view' lẽss
(n)
vĩg' ỉl
vĩg' or oũs
vĩ' õ lent
vĩş' i ble
vĩ' sion
(zh)
vĩ' tãl
vĩ' vĩd
võl' ùme
voy' ấg ẽş

wã' gẽr
war' fãre
war' rant

war' rior (r)	wiēld	wrāth
wěap' ǝns	wīm' ple	wrēaths
wēa' rī ēr	wīr' ŷ	wrīn' klīng
wēa' ŷel	wīst' ful lŷ	wrōught
wēath' ēr	wōn' dēr ful	
wēir	wōn' droūs	yeō' men
wēird	wōol' lēn	yiēld
whēr' rŷ	wōrst' ęd	
	wrāpped	zē' nīth

PROPER NAMES.

ADDITIONAL SIGNS USED IN THE FOLLOWING LIST.

q as in dq (Fr.).

ö (= ẽ) as in Götz (Ger.).

ī (= ē) as in pique (Fr.).

ũ as in Dūs' sel dorŷ.

K (= ch) as in Rīch' tēr (Ger.).

Ŵ (= v) as in Ŵīl' hēlm (Ger.).

N as in Pe pin' (Fr.).

Āg' as siz	Bŷsshe	Ēd' in burgh (būr rō)
Ān' tō nŷ	Cāine	Ē gŷp' tian (sh)
Ā paēc' ī dēs	Cā lē' nūs	Eū gēne'
Ār' bā çēs	Cāp' rī cōrn	Ew' īng (u)
Bēn ǝ' nī	Cār nōt'	Faust (ou)
Bēth' lē hēm	Chāt' ham	Ĝeof' frŷ
Bōw' doin	Cō lūm' būs	Ĝēt' tŷŷ būrg
Brīt' aın	Dēv' ǝn shire	Ĝīl' pīn
Bul' wēr Lŷt' tōn	Dī e' gō (a)	Glau' cūs
Būr goyne'	Dī' mas	
Bū trā' gō		

Gồ lĩ' ath
Gồtt' friēd
Götz vồn Bēr' lich-
 ^(t) ^(K)
 ing ền

Hěl' sөг gēn
Hỏ rā' tĩ ả
 ^(sh)

Hũgh
Hũn' dòn

Ỉs' rả ẻl

Jäck' ả nāpes
Jēs' sả mĩne
Jew' ỉsh
 ^(a)

Jō' hānn
^(v) Wōlf' gäng
 vồn Gōe' the
 ⁽ⁿ⁾

Jỏ sĩ' ảh

Jū' an
Jū lĩ ản' ả
Jū' nỉ pěr

Lānneş
Lē ở nō' rả
Lĩ gē' ỉả
 ^(v)
Lĩn' cóln
Lou' ỉs
Lōwe' stōft
Lỷd' ỉả

Măd ả gās' car
Mār' mĩ ỏn
Mō' hạwk
Mồn trẻ ảl'
Mỗs' kōe ström
Mō zam bique'
 ^(k)

Nả ỏ' mĩ
Nả pō' lẻ ỏn
Nĩeh' ở las
Nổr wē' gian

Pālm' ẻr
Pồm pe' ỉỉ
 ^(a) ^(v)

Quẻ bẻc'

Rạ' leigh

Săxe Wēi' mār
Scāpe' gōat

Tết ử ản'
Thỏ' reau
 ^(rō)
Trĩn' ỉ tỷ

Vẻ sũ' vĩ ửs

Wěr' thěr
West' mĩn ster
Wetz' lār
Wĩl' hẻlm
 Meis' tẻr

Worces' tẻr
Words' worth
 ^(đ) ^(đ)

i' ma'
it

s

ster

th

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